THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE CELTIC TONGUE.

An Able and Interesting Australian Writer in the "Austral Light" Breaks a Lance for the Olden Language.

Those Who Pronounce It Harsh to the Ear Have Heard It Spoken Only by the Uneducated.

[*From the Austral Light, Melbourne.*]

It is barely a few weeks ago since an Irishman wanted to argue with me about his opinion of the language of Ireland. It was at a dinner-table. There were some five or six persons present, all Irishmen, and accordingly all ignorant of the Irish language. But the most ignorant of all was the man who proposed to argue about it. I felt that such an opponent, with such an audience, had the advantage of me, as conceited ignorance always has of any small accurate knowledge. This champion of a polemic did the usual thing; that is, he told us—what, indeed, was evident—that he knew nothing about the Irish language, and, so much premised, he proceeded to libel it with great learning. The old gentleman at the head of the table appealed to me to defend it from such impudent abuse. But, never losing sight of the opponent and the audience, I begged to be excused on the score that it was a habit of mine never to discourse over the heads of my listeners. Now, I have observed that scholars are always very modest and cautious in the propounding of their views, even in matters they are soundly versed in. They are slow to come forward as champions, even where the world knows their strength, and admits them to be masters. Hence, with a little experience, one must conclude that there are very few Irish scholars, because there are found so many who speak about the language with unblushing temerity. And so the before-mentioned libeller of our mother-tongue, although confessing to unlimited ignorance of it, yet felt quite expedite to run it down with an air of great learning. Now that disposition shown by him is general enough among Irishmen to be called typical; and though it might seem inexplicable in an Irishman, there is a very easy explanation of it.

"'Tis far in the deeps of history
The voice that speaketh clear."

It was only after the fall of Limerick that Ireland's degradation really began. Our chiefs and our soldiers had gone into exile rather than stay in an Ireland which had become the property of the Sassenach. When Limerick fell, they saw that all was over.

"Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain;
My love—my Native Land—adieu,
For I maun cross the main."

Well, they were gone, and in 1695 the treaty was broken, and the "iron days" began. Whatever scions of Celtic aristocracy were left a small corner of their ancestral domains were weak and few—and the natural thing happened. They soon came to fawn upon the Saxon robbers who were in power. The Saxon robbers spoke English, and the Celtic fawners had to begin to try and do likewise. The Irish language became gradually confined to the peasantry—and anything found only among the poor must, of course, be vulgar. If gold and diamonds were things peculiar to the poor, the rich would make it a duty to despise them. But that would not make them cease to be gold and diamonds. When the cock found the jewel in the dunghill, he said, to be sure, a grain of oats would be more useful to him; but he had the brains to see, and the decency to admit, that the jewel was, for all that, a very beautiful thing. Now I have heard roosters set down as typical of mindless people. I once heard a man say that a certain friend of his had not the brains of a rooster; but surely the rooster in the fable had more brains and better reasoning powers than the multitudes who conclude that, because the Irish language is found only among the peasantry of Ireland, it must therefore be vulgar and can have no beauty in it. I am speaking now specially about the Irish people themselves, and of their prejudices against their own language. And I maintain that Irishmen's ignorance of their native tongue, with the aggravating circumstance of their blind belief in its vulgarity, is the greatest and the deepest mark of Ireland's degradation. My task will be to prove this assertion; and the proofs are in the deeps of Ireland's history.

Burke said of the Irish penal code that "it was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man;" and he said well, as we shall see. During those horrid times the English brigands lashed and scourged the very life blood out of our people. Anything like resistance was impossible, and the people had nothing for it but to try and grow accustomed and resigned to their forlorn serfdom. They had to call their persecutors gentlemen and noble lords, and these noble lords and masters called the Irish their slaves. The slaves spoke the Irish language and it only, and the Irish language was therefore a language of slaves—fit only for those who spoke it, the unfortunate thralls of Ireland. And, naturally enough, if any of these serfs began to emerge a little out of the common slavery, he began to think himself bound to disown his Irish, to disuse it, and to learn the language of the noble lords who had plundered and ruined his country. And that feeling gradually became a fashion, and, like every other fashion, it spread downward; but, unlike most fashions, it did not pass away—it is a living fashion still. How often have we not all seen, at home in Old Ireland, the sons and daughters of mountain peasants—sons and daughters who spoke and thought in Irish from their cradles—come in from the mountains to mass on Sunday, and pretend in town that they knew nothing about Irish, although everyone could see that they had hardly enough of English to tell that stupid lie. Even these poor peasant boys and girls had heard that Irish was a mark of vulgarity and poverty, and they took steps accordingly to disown it, and be of the common opinion that it was really vulgar, and no one ought to speak it.

Now, that is the core of the heart of this question. That is what has killed our noble tongue wherever it has died; and, what shows the perfection of the enemies' training, we have even forgotten that the murder by ourselves of our own language is anything to be ashamed of. Nay, the shame is all the other way with us—we are ashamed it is not completely dead, it being such a vulgar thing. Thousands of Irish men and women would be mortally ashamed to be thought to know anything about it. If the highest art is to conceal art, the Saxon robbers were finished artists in the matter of training slaves; and this was one of the things Burke meant when he said that the penal code was a machine as well fitted for the debasing in a people of human nature itself as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man. Surely human nature itself must have been debased in us when the slave-training had brought us so far that, we not only became fully reconciled to our servitude, not only ceased to see anything mean about it, but even came to find ourselves looking up to the brutal brigands who had enthralled us, trying to ape their manners and their language, and ashamed of, or ignorant of

"Erin's pride of yore,
Ere Norman foot had dared pollute
Her independent shore."

Ignorant and ashamed of the

"Grand tongue of heroes, how its tones
upon the gale uprose,
When great Cuchullin's red branch
knights rushed down upon their
foes;
And how its accents fired the brave to
struggle for their rights,
When from thy lips they burst in flames,
Coun of the hundred fights!
Or when the breeze its war-cries bore
across that gory plain,
Where royal Brian cheered his hosts to
battle with the Dane;
Oh, who shall fire our sluggish hearts,
like them to dare and do?
When shall we see thy like again, O
hero-souled Boru?

Sweet tongue of Bards! how trilled its
tones in lofty flight of song,
When white-robed minstrels deftly swept
the sounding chords along:
When Oisin touched the trembling
strings to hymn the Fenian name,
When trilled thy lyre, fond Fionbell, with
gallant Oscar's fame.
Alike 'twould tell of ladye-love or chief
of princely line,
Fair Aileen now the poet sung, and now
the Geraldine.
'Twas music's self, that barded tongue,
till iron days began,
Then swelled its swan-like strains, and
died with thee, O Carolan!"

Well, the poet says: "Grand tongue of heroes how its tones upon the gale uprose, when great Cuchullin's red branch knights rushed down upon their foes." But we need not go so far back as Cuchullin and his knights, or as far as Brian Boru, for good instances of how the tones of the Celtic tongue rose on the gale when Irish heroes were rushing on their foes. It was in 1745, just fifty years after the breaking of the Limerick treaty, that our bold brigade met their olden foes again in the gap of Fontenoy. The treasured wrongs of those fifty years were in their hearts, and out of the pent abundance of those Irish hearts they shouted in their own old tongue of heroes: "*Cuimhnighidh ar Luimnigh a's ar fheill na Sassanach!*"—Remember Limerick and the false faith of the Sassenach. And nothing—not even the headlong fury of their charge—so terrified the British as that fierce, wild war-cry in Irish. If the boys of that old brigade were to come back to life now, what, I wonder, would be the first question they would put to us? I firmly believe that it would be this: "Where is the Irish language? Where," they would say, "is the language in which we shouted our hurrahs when we tore in pieces at Fontenoy the iron veterans of the Duke of Cumberland? Where is the tongue in which we cheered and prayed for Old Ireland on alien fields, when bullets rained upon us, and when cannon thundered round us?" And I should not like to be the man who would answer those brigade boys and say that we let the language die because we had heard from the Sassenach that it was a language of slaves, and vulgar.

Now let us look at this vulgarity question for a moment or two in another light. Who are those who say that Irish is vulgar and harsh, and so forth? Are they not those—Irishmen and others—who admit they know absolutely nothing about it? It is the same as if some witnesses were brought into court to give evidence that a certain man was a murderer; and first they admitted they knew nothing at all about him and then swore he was a murderer, and the man was hanged for murder on their testimony. Find me one Irish scholar who ever said Irish was vulgar. Nay, find me one Irish scholar—let him be German, Englishman, Frenchman, or what nationality he will—who does not put it on an equality with Greek and Italian. And so, when I see Germans and Frenchmen and Englishmen, who know Irish, praising it and admiring it, and giving whole lifetimes to the study of it, and see it at the same time despised and thought vulgar by Irishmen who know nothing about it, I conclude perforce there must be some debasement of human nature in the national heart of Ireland.

[*Concluded Next Week.*]

AMNESTY THE PRISONERS.

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, July 1, 1893.—Recent developments relative to the Irish political prisoners serve to emphasize the blame that rests on Irish Nationalists in not demanding that the Irish party compel Gladstone to release the suffering patriots. Dillon and O'Brien refuse to aid the amnesty movement lest such action might imply a lack of acquiescence in Gladstone's expressed desire to keep the prison doors bolted.

Since the McCarthy party deserted Parnell's standard, it has ceased to be a united or potent political factor. The independence and solidity that characterized the Irish party during the plenitude of Parnell's power has been frittered away by jealousies and dissensions. But Irish Nationalists should warn Healy, Dillon and O'Brien that the expectation of seeing established in Dublin a provincial assembly—trammeled by degrading limitations and devoid of power to levy taxes, to organize a military corps, or to legislate on matters pertaining to national dignity—cannot excuse their political negligence in refusing to aid the imprisoned patriots. But Mr. Dillon reminds us that Mr. Parnell did not work for amnesty when at the head of a united party. True enough. But Parnell was never master of the political situation. Parnell, however, worked for amnesty as early as 1878, and personally congratulated Davitt, Sergeant McCarthy and others when released in the spring of that year.

But Parnell knew it would be useless to petition Salisbury. Parnell's action at a time when the Tories were in power is no criterion by which to judge what his course would be now, if alive, with all the paraphernalia of Whigs and Tories at his feet. He would not, at least, truckle to Gladstone, as Mr. Dillon has done on this amnesty question. Since Parnell's death there exists a surprising paucity of genius, courage and statesmanship among the men who hounded him to death, and who still attempt to cast obloquy on the memory of him who raised them from obscurity to fame. Irish Nationalists will stultify their record for patriotism if they aid in any way those Irish M. Ps. who will not work for amnesty.

If Mr. Gladstone was honest and consistent, he would grant unconditional pardons. Men like Dr. Gallagher and John Daly are prisoners of war. Gladstone has declared that the Anglo-Irish war is over, but will not release the victims of tyranny. What a fitting commentry is his refusal on the subtle political chicanery of the grand old schemer. Thanks are due to the Redmonds, the editor of the *Irish Independent*, and Mr. Leamy, of *United Ireland*, for their unceasing efforts on behalf of the prisoners.

Much as we should desire to see the Home Rule bill become a law—as it may help to pulverize the fangs of the demon of ascendancy—our best efforts should be employed in the cause of amnesty. Persons claiming to be Irishmen will prate about the sin and folly of resorting to violence. But Irish extremists will listen with contempt to such platitudes, and extend "friendship's ready grasp" to the patriot-sufferers, who are Ireland's heroes and martyrs of to-day.

JAMES W. MOORE.

"Worthington's Magazine."

The leading illustrated article in *Worthington's Magazine* for July is "The Lighthouse System of the United States," by Hon. S. G. W. Benjamin. It is one of the series of American papers which this magazine is publishing, and which are of interest and importance to every citizen of the United States. Our magnificent coast, which includes the Atlantic and Pacific, the Gulf of Mexico and the Great Lakes, requires a most extensive and complete system of protection. We have one-sixth of the lighthouses of the entire globe (about 1,700) and these and our lightships, postlights, beacons, etc., are equipped with all the appliances that the science and invention of the age can furnish. We have a larger number of vessels engaged in commerce than any nation except Great Britain, and our coasting shipping is as great as that of all Europe combined. The dangers of approach to our coasts have been reduced to a minimum by a vast and efficient system of surveying and lighting, under the management of a special board, and at an annual expenditure of nearly three millions of dollars. This article gives a most interesting account of the manner in which the system is conducted; of famous lighthouses; of lightships and buoys; of lanterns and lenses, and of the steam tenders engaged in supplying the lighthouses, and repairing and replacing the buoys and beacons. Every American should read this instructive paper and feel a worthy pride in the magnitude and efficiency of a system that brings into use all the enterprise and invention of the age, and requires the highest scientific ability on the part of those who have it in charge. The numerous and superb illustrations of lighthouses, lightships, etc., add greatly to the interest and value of this article.

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OGDEN GROVE DEMONSTRATION

Appointment of Committees to Take Charge of the Irish National Celebration on Aug. 15.

The General Committee to Meet at M'Coy's Hotel Next Saturday Evening.

At the meeting of the general executive committee of the United Irish Societies, held at McCoy's Hotel, Saturday evening, July 1, the President, John F. Finerty, announced the following subcommittees, which were confirmed:

ADDRESS AND RESOLUTIONS.

Chairman, Prof. John McCarthy; Lawrence Henely, John F. Keating, P. B. Flanagan, M. P. Brady, W. H. Joyce, Miles Kehoe, P. V. Fitzpatrick, Thomas H. Cannon.

PRESS.

Chairman, James C. Strain; J. J. O'Connell, Timothy Cullinane, John J. Mahoney, Walter J. Gibbons, Francis T. Colby, Frank J. Ryan, Daniel Deasy, Thomas A. Beckett.

DECORATION.

Chairman, Martin Mulcahy; David L. Barry, Frank J. Conroy, Henry P. Fleming, James H. Lynch, Thomas Finigan, John Dowling, William Carroll, Capt. P. F. Ryan, John F. Healy, William Cunnea.

ENTERTAINMENT OF GUESTS.

Chairman, William McCoy; James C. Strain, Thomas Murphy, M. J. Keane, Frank D. Kinsella, James O'Brien, John Powers, James Bradley, Martin Mulcahy, M. J. Kelly, J. W. Stanton, Edward Murphy, Michael Creighton.

SPEAKERS.

Chairman, William H. Joyce; Walter J. Gibbons, Daniel F. O'Connor, J. J. O'Connell, M. J. Keane, Lawrence Henely, P. B. Flanagan, Jas. C. Strain, John Dowling, Dr. D. P. Russell, John T. Hawkins, Alex. McDonald, M. J. McManus, Patrick Healy, Thomas F. Burke, Bernard Flanagan.

POLICE.

Chairman, William F. Mahoney; Daniel Corkery, Walter J. Gibbons, Michael MacInerney, Patrick Loftus, James O'Brien, W. H. Lyman, Thomas P. Murphy, P. J. Walsh.

TRANSPORTATION.

Chairman, Daniel Corkery; Francis Agnew, M. J. Keane, W. H. Joyce, John Powers, William McEniff, John E. Long, Bernard Quinn, Ald. Thomas Gallagher, Roger C. Sullivan.

REFRESHMENTS.

Chairman, John McGovern; Thomas McDermott, Patrick O'Brien, Henry P. Fleming, Thomas Fitzgerald, J. W. Stanton, James O'Toole, John Maloney, James Doran, P. F. Ryan, C. J. McCarthy, James Donahoe, Thomas J. Mulrooney, Peter Kelly, Michael Kennedy, Michael McDonough.

FIRE WORKS.

Chairman, John Dowling; Martin Garrity, T. F. McCarthy, P. F. Conway, Edward O'Byrne, James O'Toole, John Kane, Daniel Coughlin, Michael Waldron, Thomas F. Burke, John Riordan.

PRINTING AND STATIONERY.

Chairman, Hugh K. Jordan; Frank D. Kinsella, P. F. Conway, John McNulty, James T. Clarke, T. F. McCarthy, Frank J. Conroy, Henry P. Fleming, David L. Barry, Patrick O'Brien, John Dowling.

MUSIC.

Chairman, Patrick O'Brien; Thomas O'Nejll Jones, William Madden, M. J. Kelly, John F. O'Malley, Andrew G. Duggan, John Long, John Finan, Robert Mulcahy, Charles Canty, Cornelius Hallihan.

GROUNDS.

Chairman, L. R. Buckley; J. J. Mahoney, William Gavin, James O'Brien, P. V. Fitzpatrick, John E. Long, P. F. Ryan, Michael Fitzgerald, Jas. Lyman, Thomas Mulcahy, Thomas McDermott, Patrick O'Brien, James O'Malley, A. J. Ford, Patrick C. Finerty, Maurice Coffey, John W. McCarthy, John Nugent, P. O'Sullivan, John Foley, John B. Gibbons, John Beegan, Martin Garrity, M. J. Kelly, William Fortune, Martin E. Canty, John Hicky, Peter Doyle, Michael McQuade, Edward Cosgrove, Terence McGovern, Patrick Clasby, Ald. Thos. Gallagher, Timothy E. Ryan, James McLennon, James Tracey, William Hanlon.

GENERAL RECEPTION.

Chairman, John J. Mahoney; M. J. Kelly, Thomas F. Keeley, Arthur McKeon, James A. O'Connell, M. S. Hyland, Francis T. Colby, P. J. O'Brien, Maurice Moore, James Garland, Patrick Finigan, John Finan, Roger Mulcahy, Miles Kehoe, Patrick Morris, Walter Carmody, Michael McGuire, William Hanlon, Francis Agnew, Jas. O'Toole, John W. McCarthy, Michael Moran, Robert Monahan, Daniel Corkery, P. L. McArdle, Roger C. Sullivan, James Maher, Jas. McLaughlin, Owen Ahearn, Edward Ring, Thomas Reynolds, Morgan A. Collins, J. J. Brennan, Thomas Kaniffe, Charles Canty, John P. McGroarty, Thomas J. Lee, John Gibbons, Patrick Golden, Michael Waldron, John McCaffrey (West Side), John McCaffrey (North Side), Ald. John J. Brennan, Ald. John Powers, Dr. J. E. Printy, John J. Moylan, Thomas Kavanagh, Thomas Gibbons, M. J. Harrington, Capt. T. J. Ford, Charles J. Byrnes, J. D. McCarthy.

The general committee adjourned until Saturday evening, July 15, in order to give the sub-committees time to report.

IRELAND IN SHAKESPEARE.

David Comyn, writing on Irish illustrations to Shakespeare, in the Dublin *Freeman*, says:

It is not my purpose here to treat of the indications of the Celtic spirit traceable in Shakespeare, nor of his perhaps unconscious manifestations of Celtic influences, nor yet to discuss how much of early Irish legend had filtered down by various channels to the writers from whom he drew his materials. On all this much has been said, part not very wisely; and a good deal advanced that is not quite tenable. Nor do I propose to touch on philological points, on which some recent authors have written a good deal, albeit somewhat fantastic. Nor even in comparative mythology shall I venture to speculate on the identity of Puck with the Puca, or Mab with the Queens of Pre-historic Dynasties, or Titania with any of the "good people" of Ireland, ancient or modern. For these and the like surmises there may be some basis in the common origin of legends and myths which had grown up before the separation of the various branches of the Aryan family. But it has been a matter of surprise to some that so little direct reference to Ireland or the Irish appears in Shakespeare's writings, and it is, of course, much to be regretted that Ireland should have engaged so small a share, comparatively, of the great dramatist's attention. In fact several Irish writers, otherwise well informed, and one in particular, of some note on the Colonial press, have gone so far as to assert that there is no allusion to Ireland in all Shakespeare's plays. However, though there is no great likelihood that they should be found occupying any large or important place in the varied world of Shakespeare, both direct and incidental references to Ireland occur more frequently than most people may be aware.

When we consider the state of knowledge in Shakespeare's time, the prejudices of Englishmen, and, in addition, the bitterness engendered by four hundred years of strife, from the first Anglo-Norman invasion to the completion of the conquest of Ireland, at the very close of Elizabeth's reign, by the submission of the last independent chiefs, there is, perhaps, less reason to regret the scanty nature of Shakespeare's notices of Ireland. In his day, and with such feelings pervading the society in which he lived, as I have endeavored to show in a somewhat lengthy preamble, there would have been grave risk that the Irishman should appear pilloried for all time before such an audience as Shakespeare only commands. No episode from Ireland's history, no romantic legend of her early inhabitants, would have been popular either in the court or the city; and we may learn from Ben Johnson's "Irish Masque at Court," the style of thing that was then expected even from a first-class hand as the presentation of the "Stage Irishman."

Yet, some knowledge of Ireland Shakespeare must undoubtedly have had. Its affairs occupied a large share of public attention in England throughout Elizabeth's reign. Many of his contemporaries, some of his friends and patron's, had, in various ways, figured in Ireland. Spenser's "State of Ireland" was probably known to him, and the portions of Holinshed, Stanihurst's additions, Campion, Camden and others treating of Ireland, have here and there furnished him with some groundwork. Indeed, an allusion in Henry VIII. to "Kildare's attainder, then Deputy for Ireland," reminds me that it has lately been shown that some of the speeches in that play are based in part upon Campion's account of discourses delivered in the Irish parliament and elsewhere by Kildare and others; and no reader can fail to perceive the resemblance between Campion's description of the character of Wolsey, given in his "Historie of Irelande," and the defense of the fallen Cardinal, delivered by Griffith in the play of Henry VIII. Whatever may have been the extent of Shakespeare's acquaintance with Essex, Spenser, Raleigh and other "adventurers" in Ireland, I hope to show from his works that what he knew of Ireland was accurate; that his references, though by no means flattering, are just; and that his "stage Irishman" is every way a better and more lifelike, as well as a more honorable, conception than that of his contemporaries, or the dramatists of the Restoration, or even of much later writers.

The visits of Irish princes and semi-independent chiefs formed a feature of court life in the sixteenth century in London. The appearance there of John the Proud O'Neill, who in his splendid barbarism refused to writhe his mouth speaking the language of Shakespeare, is ridiculously described by contemporary English writers as the coming of "the great O'Neill, cousin of St. Patrick, friend to the Queen of England, and enemy to all the world besides." The western chieftainess, Grainne (or Grace) O'Malley, also came to London, as she phrased it, to give the queen an opportunity of becoming acquainted with her. Other minor personages, with their followers too, had been described and their habits noted by not very friendly critics. Soldiers of fortune, also, there were in London then—Irishmen as well as other nationalities—and many English who had fought or traveled in Ireland. From any of these sources, Shakespeare's knowledge of the Irish people and Irish affairs may have been drawn. That he followed the story of the fortunes of Essex in Ireland is clear from the allusion in the chorus in the fifth act of Henry V.:

"Were now the general of our gracious
Empress
(As in good time he may) from Ireland
coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his
sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit
To welcome him!" etc.

On this Malone remarks—"Our author had the best grounds for supposing that Lord Essex on his return from Ireland would be attended with a numerous concourse of well-wishers. . . . His return, however, was very different from what our poet predicted." Dr. Hudson (the Harvard editor) says: "These bright anticipations were sadly disappointed. The expedition failed utterly; and the earl's return in September (1599) was unhonored and unmarked."

The number of English statesmen whose reputation has been ruined by attempts to govern Ireland has often been remarked. Essex was not the first, nor the last; though, as we have seen, he is held to have been before his age in the breadth of his policy.

In connection with the Irish adventurers of another conspicuous failure, it may be here remarked that some writers have endeavored to fix the date of the production of Shakespeare's play of Richard II. at 1596, because Irish affairs much occupied the nation in that year. Mr. Knight says: "As the fall of Richard was in some measure occasioned by his absence in Ireland, it certainly does appear to us that some mention of Ireland was called for in this play, without any allusion being intended to the period of 1595, 'when Tir Owen took the queen's fort at Blackwater.'" No doubt, in some instances, Shakespeare adopts without scruple the manners and customs of his own time, and the types of character which might have been found about London in his own day, when the action of his play is laid in a previous age; as in the living scenes of Sir John Falstaff and his companions.

The connection of the house of York with Ireland, or at least with the Anglo-Irish nobility, was intimate and lasting. The Pretenders, even, who were set up to assert the claims of that house after the "whole contention of York and Lancaster" had ended, found support and countenance among the English in Ireland.

In the second part of Henry VI., act 3, sec. 1, we read—

. . . "From Ireland am I come amain
To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the
sword."

The Duke of York is then appointed Regent for the King in Ireland.

"The uncivil kernes of Ireland are in
arms,
And temper clay with blood of English-
men.
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county
some,
And try your hap against the Irish-
men?"
. . . "Within fourteen days,
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland."

In the older play, "The contention of the Houses of York and Lancaster," the first draught of these passages appears. First part, act 3, scene 1, and the same lines are given in the quarto—

. . . "I bring you news from Ire-
land,
The wild O'Neill, my lords, is up in
arms,
With troops of Irish kernes, that un-
controll'd,
Do plant themselves within the English
pale,
And burn and spoil the country as they
go."
"And York shall try his fortunes 'gainst
these kernes."

The O'Neill here mentioned (or *Oncle* as the quarto gives it) levied contributions twice on the Pale about the period of the play; but afterwards took part in sustaining the royal authority, and received gifts from the king of England. However, it is likely in this instance that the dramatist, in using the name of O'Neill, was merely guided by the circumstance of that name being much in the public mind at the time of his writing. The reference to the "English pale" is very interesting.

"The Quarterly Illustrator."

The forthcoming number of the *Quarterly Illustrator* will be a special summer issue, and will contain over 200 superb illustrations, by 110 well known artists. This exceptionally large number of illustrations, and the unusual interest of the articles which they accompany, make the third issue of this popular magazine the finest single publication of any art journal ever put forth in this country. The size has been increased to 104 pages of reading matter, and among the eminent painters and illustrators whose productions are found in the contents of the *Quarterly Illustrator* are: C. S. Reinhart, J. Carroll Beckwith, H. Siddons Mowbray, Julian Riggs, C. D. Gibson, Hughson Hawley, William Sargeant Kendall, Alice Barber Stevens, Victor Perard, Marie Guise Newcomb, and many others. This notable issue will make its appearance about July 5. Published by Harry C. Jones, 92-96 Fifth avenue, New York.

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THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MERCY OF A LICENSED PIRATE.

"There was a laughing devil in his sneer,
That raised emotions both of rage and fear;
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled—and Mercy sighed farewell!"

"Strike to the flag of the parliament of England!"

Such was the stern command that reached Edmund O'Tracy's ears, as leaning on the tafferel of the fugitive, he watched the approach of the hostile vessels. On they came, five stately, floating castles, their lofty bows cutting rapidly through the seething brine; on like mighty seabirds skimming the surface of the deep—and fierce and voracious, indeed, were those terrible birds of prey now sweeping down on the doomed Pelican.

For doomed the latter vessel was, to all appearance. It had soon become evident that she was no match, in point of speed, for her pursuers, vessels specially built for swift sailing; and now, on her stern and on her larboard, the parliamentarian cruisers bore down on her, sure of an easy prey, their ports open for action.

At this stage of the chase, Edmund put in execution a design which had flashed into his mind at the first appearance of the English vessels. Drawing Castlehaven's letter from his bosom, he carefully tore that important missive into small fragments, which he cast over the bulwarks. The act was unnoticed by those around him, and as the last fluttering morsels of paper sank on the seething waves, or were whirled away by the wind, he felt as if a great weight were lifted off his mind. Then he eagerly entered into the warlike spirit of the crew and passengers of the ship.

Again the hoarse command to surrender rang from the nearest of the Puritan vessels—that to the seaward of the Pelican. It was a large frigate, whose grotesque figurehead towered high above the water, and over whose lofty and old fashioned poop undulated the banner of the parliament. Her upper deck was alive with men, and as she hailed a second time, she veered round so as to present her side to the Pelican, displaying a long row of open port-holes, each with the black muzzle of a cannon protruding.

"Fifteen of a side—'fore George, what a Tartar!" exclaimed Capt. Willoughby; "well, gentlemen, what say you?"

And he turned to the two cavalry officers, O'Carroll and Esmonde.

"Fight, fight, of course," cried O'Carroll, and the impulsive Celt sprang upon a gun-carriage and waved his beaver in the air, as he shouted:

"Long live the king, and confusion to his enemies!"

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the captain of the Pelican; "what, ho, my jolly boys, give fire!"

Bang! bang!—and the two larboard carronades of the Pelican hurled their iron missiles at the huge Puritan vessel.

"Bravely done, my hearties," cried the skipper, as a shower of white splinters leaped from the side of the latter ship: "Father Nep to wit, but your aim was a good one."

"Three cheers for the king!" shouted Willoughby, waving his sword over his head; and three ringing cheers pealed up from the deck of the Pelican.

Suddenly a sheet of lurid flame leapt from the side of the parliamentarian, the roar of fifteen cannons filled the air, and a terrific tempest of iron hail tore through the rigging of the Pelican and swept her deck. Down, with a series of crashes, came the maintopmast of the stricken vessel—down, with its load of spars, and ropes, and canvas, dashing a large range of the bulwarks to pieces in its fall, and lying a huge, cumbrous wreck over the vessel's side.

Immediately there arose the wild, pitiful cries of many maimed and wounded men, mingled with the loud voices of their comrades and the shrill shrieks of alarmed women. Above this Babel of sounds rang the voice of the skipper, as he gave directions to cut away the fallen mast.

"Well done, men, well done!—knives and cutlasses to work!—cut every rope and cast loose the wreck! Bravely done; —there, she rights!"

And the wreck, with its sodden load of cordage and canvas, floated heavily away.

"Load again, my boys," said O'Carroll, addressing the sailors at the guns.

"Fire!" cried Willoughby to his men, and the roll of musketry ran along the side of the Pelican, as the soldiers gave fire.

"Too late," added the sea captain with an oath, as he pointed to another large vessel of the parliament bearing across the bows of his vessel. At the same time the other frigate turned so as to display her second range of guns, and again came the loud demand to strike.

"Surrender, or I'll blow you out of the water!"

The chase was up. The officers exchanged mutual glances of gloomy hopelessness, and then sank their eyes to the deck. In a low tone Willoughby desired the skipper to lower his flag. With a round oath at his ill luck the gallant mariner obeyed, and the royal ensign came fluttering down from the masthead.

"Let go all sail," came the order from the parliamentarian to the larboard.

The command was obeyed; the sails, freed from their boltropes, flew out on the air, and the Pelican, with her wings thus cut, lagged in her course and soon lay "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

The frigate to larboard now sailed up, lay alongside her, and threw her grappling irons over her bulwarks. Then, from the Puritan vessel, a numerous band of armed men leaped on board the captured ship. A more repulsive and evil-looking batch of scoundrels it were hard to find than those men; and their leader, in particular, had his vile calling printed on his face.

A man rather past middle age, of low stature, but of light and wiry frame, with a small head, on which the iron-grey hair was cropped close a la Roundhead, with sallow features, small eyes, which twinkled maliciously under beetling eyebrows, a hooked nose, and a puckered mouth, around which played a perpetual smile of commingled cunning and cruelty. Such was Capt. Swanley, a licensed pirate of the English parliament.

"Your swords, gentlemen," said the individual, ascending the poop, on which Willoughby and his brother officers were standing.

Willoughby and Esmonde bowed as they delivered their weapons into the hands of their enemies; but O'Carroll, with an exclamation of defiance, suddenly broke his rapier across his knee, and hurled the pieces on the deck.

"Thus, and thus only," exclaimed he, "will I deliver my sword into the keeping of a rebel."

A dark frown lowered over the features of Swanley, but it instantly gave place to the cold, crafty smile, as he said:

"Oh, indeed; well, we'll not be angry, captain—time enough; we sailors are used to a little roughness. Pray, sir, your names, for I would fain be introduced to our agreeable friend here."

Willoughby gave the names of himself and the other two.

"Particularly happy to make your acquaintance, gentlemen, in this easy and social manner. But whom have we here?" continued Swanley, as Edmund O'Tracy approached and gave up his sword.

And the pirate curiously surveyed the person of our hero.

"This is an officer in—in"—commenced Willoughby in an uneasy tone. He saw that his invitation to the young man to make the voyage to Waterford had proved most unlucky for the latter, and he was in dilemma to account for the presence of an Irish "rebel" in the midst of the king's troops. Besides, he felt most anxious to preserve the life of O'Tracy, to whom he knew Swanley would grant but short shrift in case he discovered his real character. So it was with very visible agitation he answered, in reply to the pirate's interrogation:

"This is a young Irish officer;—a compagnon de voyage of ours."

The keen Puritan was not slow to notice his confusion, but he said, in a seemingly careless voice:

"Indeed, indeed! And now, captain, pray order your men to lay down their arms. One and all must instantly proceed on board my ship. Of course you are aware that both you and they are prisoners of the parliament—which may heaven prosper!"

And the speaker raised his hat reverentially.

In sad but steady tones, the king's officer did as commanded. Muskets, pikes, and cutlasses strewed the deck, and the disarmed soldiers and sailors proceeded on board the victorious ship. Edmund perceived that as soon as each man crossed the intervening bulwarks, he was immediately seized and bound by the crew of the Parliamentarian.

The soldiers' wives, about half a dozen in number, were next transshipped. The royal officers, the officers of the Pelican, and our friend O'Tracy, followed, accompanied by Swanley himself, after that personage had given directions to the prize crew left in possession of the Pelican. The grappling irons, which connected the two vessel, were now cast off, and both rode separately once more.

As Edmund O'Tracy stepped on board the frigate a strange sight met his eyes. In three lines along the deck were drawn up the newly-made prisoners, the crew and passengers of the luckless Pelican, each man with uncovered head and with his hands tied behind his back, while surrounding them was as savage and vile-looking a crew of cutthroats as ever trod the decks of a buccaneer, each pirate being armed, as the saying goes, to the teeth. But yet the tidy aspect of things on board betokened the stern discipline of the ship. Everything was stowed away in its proper place, the decks were scrupulously white and clean, and the long brass pivot-gun or "bow-chaser," in the fore part of the ship, was polished to a high degree of brightness.

Standing in a group were the captains of the four Puritan vessels in the offing, each of whom had been summoned on board by Swanley, their superior officer, who now introduced them to Willoughby, eulogizing two of their number in particular as he did so.

"My vice admiral, Capt. Smith," said he, blandly, motioning to a tall, burly officer, with only one eye, "the Barbarossa of the age, and the hardest of England's hearts of oak—eh, Smith? And my particular friend Capt. Bell, the king of the seas, nephew to Neptune, and first cousin to Davy Jones, whose locker he had often filled, just for the sake of keeping up the family union—ha, ha!"

"So, captain," continued Swanley, addressing Willoughby, "that old tub yonder is no king's ship, but a petty transport. My faith! I guessed as much. The English fleet is ours, and Charles Stuart has scarce one cockle-shell craft left to carry him to ruin or to the devil. Don't blaze up so, Capt. O'Carroll. Perhaps we may quench you presently. Remember that you see before you a Puritan and an Independent—one who had a part in the capture of Stuart's 'Give unto Cæsar his due' flag, at Edgehill, two years ago—one who crossed blades with Prince Rupert, or Prince Robber, at Chalgrove, when Hampden fell in his gore—one who stifled a Royalist colonel's 'Queen Mary' in his throat at Newbury; for I've seen service ashore—that I have.

"But now to the next part of the programme," and the Puritan advanced to the prisoners.

"Well, lieutenant," he inquired of one of his officers, "the tally?"

"Twenty-five sailors, sir, and of soldiers one hundred and fifty," was the reply.

"Good. Now, my men, mark me," said he, addressing the prisoners. "As I intend to assign you somewhat different quarters, you will make matters easy by obeying my commands to the letter. In the first place, let all the seamen go aft; in the second, let all the soldiers of English birth go forward; in the third, let all the soldiers of Irish birth stay where they are—I'll tell *them* where to go presently, and verily their journey shall be rather short. Come, lieutenant, see that this is done."

In a few minutes the division of the captives into the three groups specified by him was accomplished, and the Irish royalist soldiers were left standing by themselves, and found to be seventy in number.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY. }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood as mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Tadhg O'Cathain agus an Corpan.

[AIR LHANNMAIN.]

"Och, damnughadh siorriudhe! a athair, ni dheunfá sin; ceud mile mallacht, ni dheunfá sin do mhac atá chomh maith a's atá mise! Cia dubhairt leat nach bpósfainn an cailin?" Acht bhi an t-athair imthighthe. Bhi fhios go maith ag an mbuachaill go g-coimheudfadh sé a ghealladh, agus bhi bualdhreadh mór air a intinn, mar, cidh go raibh a athair socair cineálta leis, nior bhris sé a fhocal ariamh nuair dubhairt sé rud aon uair amháin, agus ni raibh duine annsan tir budh do-lúbtha 'ná é.

Ni raibh fhios go ceart ag an mbuachaill creud do dheunfadh sé. Bhi sé i ngrádh go deimhin leis an g-cailin, agus bhi sáil aige a pósadh am éigin, acht b'fhearr leis fanambaint tamall agus leanambaint d'á shean-oilbreachaibh le seal eile, ag ól ag spórt agus ag imirt; agus chor leis sin chuir sé fearg mór air go n-ordóchadh a athair dó a pósadh, agus go mbagrócadh sé air. "Nach mór an t-amadán m'athair!" ar sé leis féin, "bhi me réidh go leór an ghirseach do phósadh, agus anois ó chuir sé bagairt orm tá rún mór agam a fágbháil mar tá sí."

Bhi a intinn corruighthe go mór, agus d'fhan sé eidir dhá chómhairle creud do dheunfadh sé. Shiúbhail sé amach annsan oidhche air deire, le sáil a cheann teith d'fhuaradh, agus chualdh sé air an mbóthar. Las sé a phiopa agus mar bhi an oidhche breágh, shiúbhail sé agus shiúbhail sé roimhe, go ndearmad sé an brón do bhi air leis an spaisdeóracht luaith. Bhi an oidhche geal agus an ghealach leathlán.

Ni raibh aná gaoithe ag séideadh, agus bhi an t-aér ciúin agus bog. Shiúbhail sé air aghaidh le tri h-uaire no mar sin, nuair chuimhnigh sé go raibh sé déighlonach 'san oidhche, agus go mbudh chóir dó tionntódh. Thionntaigh sé le filleadh abhaile ann sin, agus bhi iongantus air an ghealach d'fheicsint chomh h-árd sin 'san spéir. "Maiseadh! saoilim go ndearmad me me féin," ar seiscan, "caithfidh sé bheith thar an meadhon-oidhche anois."

Is air éigin dubhairt sé an focal, nuair chualaidh sé caint morán guth, agus torann na g-cos, air an mbóthar amach uaidh.

"Ni feasach mé cia bhéidheadh amuigh chomh deireannach annsan oidhche," ar sé, agus air bhóthar uaignesach mar so." Sheas sé ag éisteacht, agus chualaidh sé glórtha mórán daoine ag labhairt trid a chéile, acht nior thuig sé creud do bhi siad ag rádh. "Muire! maiseadh!" ar sé, "tá faitchios orm! ni Gaedhilig ná Bourla tá siad ag labhairt; ni féidir gur Francaigh iad!" Chualdh sé cúpla slat air aghaidh agus chonn, aire sé go maith le solas na gealaighe, broscán de dhaoinibh beaga ag teacht os a choinne, agus bhi siad ag iomchar ruid éigin móir troim, ann a measg.

"O mo leun!" ar seisan, leis fein, "ni féidir gur b'iad na daoine maithe atá ann." Sheas gach ruibe gruaige do bhi air a cheann suas; agus thainig orathadh ann a chámhaibh. Bhi siad ag teacht chuige go luath.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

Wave Tossed.

Sea sick voyagers suffer unspeakable tortures. Then if Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is resorted to the tortures cease. Yachting parties, ocean fishermen, nervous, sickly people, whom the jarring of a railway train affects much in the same way as the tossing of the surges do one who crosses the Atlantic for the first time, should be mindful of this and be provided with an adequate supply of the Bitters. This incomparable stomachic will promptly settle a stomach outrageously disturbed, is a capital antidote to malaria and nervous complaints, remedies constipation and biliousness, and counteracts a tendency to rheumatism. Besides this, it compensates for a loss of energy consequent upon undue exertion or nervous anxiety, and averts the effects of exposure in inclement weather and the wearing of damp clothing. Both appetite and sleep are promoted by it, and general health rapidly improves through its use.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

WALTHAM "REPEATERS."

Sold to "Citizen" Subscribers Only.

$100 Men's Watch for $80!

THE CITIZEN is now for the first time able to offer to its subscribers the celebrated Waltham "Repeaters." These watches were made to sell at more than $100, but we have an option upon a few in solid 14k gold stiffened hunting cases. A Waltham "Repeater" strikes the time within five minutes whenever a spring on the outside of the case is moved. This is a great advantage in many situations. The two silver-toned bells do not add to the size of the watch. No more of these watches will be made. The cases will not be ready before July 1, and readers should register their names at once. An artistic special catalogue will be sent upon application. Price of watch, delivered, $80.

BEWARE OF P. J. FLYNN.

The public and especially newspaper publishers, are hereby warned against one Patrick J. Flynn, who resides, or recently resided, at South Halsted street and 37th court. He is in the habit of collecting money for newspapers, and retaining it for his own use. Also he has had several bad checks cashed, and the victims have been to this office making inquiries about the fellow. Flynn has no connection whatever with this paper. He is, perhaps, forty-five years of age; about six feet in stature; has bluish eyes, a blonde, full beard, and has a habit of talking to people with his hands in his pockets and his head bent forward. As evening approaches he generally gets drunk, and can be easily recognized by these presents. He is an impudent, unscrupulous fraud, and should have no quarter from any respectable person.

The Drummer and the Millionaire.

Traveling in a parlor car one day were a commercial traveler and a mining millionaire who owed his fortune to his faculty of taking advantage of an opportunity and of his fellow man. As the Pacific Mail sped along the pair dropped into a friendly game of euchre. An hour or so passed. Then the millionaire dealt and turned up a queen. The eyes of the commercial traveler brightened as he gazed on his hand.

"I wish we were playing poker," he ventured.

The mine owner looked over his cards and said nothing.

"How would you like to change the game?" suggested the drummer. "I'd like to play this hand at poker."

The millionaire glanced at his cards again and remarked pleasantly, "Well, I don't care if I do, but you must let me discard and take this queen."

"Oh, certainly," was the eager response. "I'll bet you $50 on my hand."

"I'll see that and go $100 better," returned the miner.

The commercial traveler smiled with great glee.

"I'll raise you $250," he said, counting out $400.

"Well," remarked the millionaire calmly, "if you want to play poker I'm your man. I'll just go you $1,000 better."

This bold bet somewhat staggered the young man, but he had confidence and $1,000, and he called.

"What have you," asked the mine owner.

"I have four kings," the young man answered, throwing them on the board.

"Then I'll take the money," the millionaire remarked. "I have four aces," and he threw them down before the astonished commercial traveler.

"That's all right," said the latter, as soon as he had caught his breath. "That's all right, the money is yours, but I'd like to know why in blazes you took that queen."

Thus we see that there can be finesse in poker even as in whist.—New York World.

For Sewing on a Button.

One day Paul tells his servant to sew another button on his trousers. An hour after she brings in the trousers, and with an undecided, anxious air, as if fearing the effect of her demand, says, "It is a sou."

Paul draws out a sou in silence and gives it to her. Jeannette retires on tiptoe as far as the door, thinks better of it, returns, takes up the trousers and shows the button.

"Ah, that is a fine button! (A pause.) I did not find that in my box. (Another and a longer pause.) I bought that at the grocer's. It cost a sou!"

She draws herself up anxiously. The proprietor of the trousers, still without speaking, gives a second sou.

It is clear that she has struck upon a mine of sous. Jeannette goes out and a moment after reopens the door. She has resolved on her course, and in a shrill, piercing voice, with admirable volubility, proceeds:

"I had no thread. I had to buy some thread. I used a good deal of thread—good thread too. The button won't come off. I sewed it on fast. The thread cost a sou."

Paul pushes across the table the third sou.

Two hours later Jeannette, who has been pondering on the matter, reappears. She prepares breakfast with the greatest possible care, lowers her voice, walks noiselessly and is charming in her little attentions. Then she says, putting forth all sorts of obsequious graces:

"I ought not to lose anything; you would not want me to lose anything. The cloth was harsh. I broke the point of my needle. I did not know it awhile ago. I have just noticed it. It cost a sou."

And that fourth sou was happily the last.—"A Tour Through the Pyrenees."

Interviewing a Lioness.

Kendsky's menagerie was a prominent feature at the fair at Como. In fulfilment of a wager, Signor Pardo, a local journalist, accompanied by the lion tamer, entered a large cage containing two young lions and a leopard. The perilous surroundings seemed to make an impression on the pressman, at least he made an effort to appear calm and even attempted to stroke the lion cubs. But at a sign from the proprietor, the young lions and the leopard were removed to the next cage, and "Paidah," a splendid lioness, appeared on the scene. She suddenly stood still and measured the intruder from head to foot with a melancholy gaze. Pardo afterward confessed that at that moment a cold shiver ran through his veins.

"Open the cage!" he cried in half stifled tones.

But the lion tamer promptly covered his mouth with his hand, while the wife of the proprietor, who was in front of the cage, laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks. This hilarity restored the journalist's drooping courage. He remained five minutes longer in the cage and then left after making a polite bow to the lioness, which she returned with a somewhat lugubrious howl. Pardo is now the "lion of the day" at Como.—Corriere di Genova.

The Danger of Too Many Discoveries.

There is something disconcerting about modern discoveries, for all their usefulness. Where are they going to stop, and what is to become of the working people when all the work does itself? Next we may hear that some meddling investigator has discovered the secret of literary style, so that by the adjustment of a simple appliance to a printing press raw facts may be fed in at one end and literature cut off at the other in lengths and qualities to suit the market. That is a more terrifying possibility than even that all the Harvard undergraduates should become proficient writers. It remains for mankind to hope that when it ceases to be possible for the multitude to make a living on earth the secret of living without food may come out, or the perfection of flying machines or something may provide means of emigration to other spheres.—Harper's Weekly.

Disrobed In the Street.

There is a young colored damsel in Washington whose soul is at present filled with wrath because of the summary action taken by a society woman to whom she had been handmaiden. With ways that are dark and tricks that are vain the young woman proved herself conversant by making away with articles of value. Among these was a silk dress of which her mistress had been especially fond. Though accused of the theft, the woman stoutly denied it and took her dismissal vehemently protesting her innocence. Not long afterward, as the daughter of Ham was sailing down the street in all the glory of the stolen garment, she came upon her mistress rapidly walking toward her with the look of a great purpose in her eye.

Retreat was impossible, as was a failure to comply with the astonishing demand that she then and there divest herself of the gown. As the alternative was to be immediately handed over to the police, the perturbed young woman did as she was bid with all speed possible, and in as brief a time as it takes to tell the tale she stood with her ebony perfections exposed to public view while in an opposite direction her former mistress walked away, bearing in triumph the stolen property.—Kate Field's Washington.

How Not to Exterminate the Indians.

Let us not vigorously crowd the Indians to abandon tribal organization. If this is done before they are ready for it, they will surely lapse into degradation. Let them remain in compact bodies on reservations to help one another over the change and do not compel them to commingle and compete with the white race in a struggle in which they must be hopelessly doomed. Slowly by law and by instruction teach them the value of our property laws. Do not force citizenship upon them, but let them sue for it. We should hold ourselves ever ready to grant it, but let them first discover its benefits. If such a policy is maintained for two generations more, the problem will be solved—the remnant of the Indians will be saved and absorbed in modern enlightenment.—Major J. W. Powell in Forum.

Mixing Melodies.

What on the lips of the "intellectual doubter" would have been only profane sarcasm was irresistibly funny because of its innocence, when Lewis, his imagination fired by the first opera he had ever witnessed, inextricably mixed up Moody and Sankey and "The Mikado" as follows: The day following his attendance at the latter performance he burst upon the scandalized maternal vision attired in imitation of his admired Ko-Ko in a patchwork crib quilt and a feather duster in his hands waving accentuation to each syllable as he capered about chanting:

The will of the Lord be done, be done,
And so you had better succumb, cumb, cumb!
—Washington News.

Just Like a Man.

Mrs. Stocks—If we move into that cheap house, we'll lose caste.

Mr. Stocks—Don't care if we do. It's the best we can afford without running hopelessly in debt, and besides it's a comfortable place anyhow.

Mrs. Stocks—Huh! Just like a man. Only so you can be comfortable and pay every little bill as quick as it comes in, you don't care what the world thinks.—New York Weekly.

The Dominion of Canada has an area of 3,457,000 square miles and comprises one-sixteenth of the land surface of the globe. It is the largest of all the British possessions, Australia, the next in size, containing 2,944,628 square miles.

The boy who is whacked, cuffed, kicked, half starved, overworked and otherwise neglected, generally, if he keeps out of prison and does not die, makes the best man.—Exchange.

Fogg has about made up his mind that life is hardly worth the living in these days when a man has to keep posted on so many things that are not worth knowing.

The oldest statue of the world is of the sheik of an Egyptian village. It is believed to be not less than 6,000 years old.

THE WAY OUT of woman's troubles is with Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Safely and certainly, every delicate weakness, derangement, and disease peculiar to the sex is permanently cured.

Out of all the medicines for women, the "Favorite Prescription" is the only one that's *guaranteed* to do what is claimed for it. In all "female complaints" and irregularities, periodical pains, displacements, internal inflammation or ulceration, bearing-down sensations and kindred ailments, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

So certain to cure *every* case of Catarrh is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy that its proprietors make you this offer: "If you can't be cured, permanently, we'll pay you $500 cash."

CONSUMPTION
SURELY CURED.

To THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address.

Respectfully,
T. A. Slocum, M.C.,
No. 183 Pearl Street, New York.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

A BIG FOURTH OF JULY.

HOW IT WAS KEPT AT THE WORLD'S FAIR CITY.

A Burst of Song at Jackson Park That Makes Heavens Vocal and Will Be Remembered for Generations — "Star Spangled Banner" Sung by 100,000 Voices.

CHICAGO, July 5.—The "glorious Fourth" was glorious for a fact in this city. So glorious was it that former glories faded into insignificance and are forgotten. They hardly live in history and by a Chicagoan will never hereafter be spoken of in the same week with the one of Columbian year, 1893. The "center of disturbance" was Jackson park, of course. Where else should it be but in the White City of pal-

STEVENSON ADDRESSING THE HOST.

aces that contains the pick and choice of the products of the arts and industries of the whole world? Yes, it was there; it was there with both feet and it stayed until midnight, and never let up for a minute. The Columbian Fourth of July was a day to mark an epoch; so crowded with patriotic events was it that no one could be blamed for being glad when it was over that it only comes once.

Began at the Rise of the Sun.

As the orb of day lifted his smiling face over the horizon of Lake Michigan he was saluted with a boom from the guns of the U. S. S. Michigan. It was a rather noisy salute and was repeated thirteen times, but Old Sol didn't mind it; he knew it was the Fourth, and he climbed right up the eastern heavens with the remark, "Is it hot enough for you?" The salute was replied to from the lake front. In the meantime the patriotic youth of the city, having laid in a supply of noise during the previous day, began a general celebration on his own account, and he kept it up all day and until he was driven to bed at a late hour at night by his solicitous mamma. Flags flew from innumerable buildings and the shipping in the harbor from early morning, and Chicago was in gala apparel. There never was such a general holiday in the city.

Beginning of the Formal Celebration.

The formal ceremony began at 9 o'clock when Mayor Harrison and the council left the city hall for the exposition grounds. There was no escort, but when the party reached the Fifty-seventh street entrance about 10 o'clock at least 10,000 American exhibitors were there to welcome the dignitaries to the grounds. This body of men assembled at the east front of Manufactures hall and got in line under Major Pangborn. When the mayor and aldermen got inside the exhibitors marched with them to the speakers' stand erected in front of the Terminal station. This stand had only enough room for General Davis, the chiefs of departments, the speakers and officers of the day, the national commission, members of the local directory, the board of aldermen, and the council of administration and heads of departments.

While the Crowds Assembled.

While the crowds were assembling the congregation of bands played. Only common, patriotic airs were down on the programme, and whether the organizations played in unison or by themselves the list of selections was not much more classical than "Yankee Doodle." They were stationed about the grand plaza, with one in the Machinery hall loggia, others similarly located in the Mining building, in the Terminal station and the Administration rotunda. A great 2,000-voiced choir was also scattered about to assist the great throngs in the great anthems.

"Columbia" was down to open the programms, and at about 11 o'clock the affair was under way.

CEREMONIES AT THE STAND.

Orations and Music Begin the Great World's Fair Festival.

While the bands were playing the turnstiles were letting in tens of thousands of people who rapidly made their way to the plaza and it was soon a mass of humanity that it was impossible to penetrate. It was about 11 o'clock when Rev. J. H. Barrows arose and offered prayer. He was followed by Vice President Stevenson in an address that frequently evoked thunderous applause and which was full of patriotic feeling. Mayor Harrison, after music, then addressed the multitude.

This brought the exercises to noon, and then a musical event that has never had its parallel in this country took place. The chorus of 2,000 with the bands began the "Star Spangled Banner." As they began the whole host collected in the plaza and adjacent thereto—100,000 strong—joined in and every person in the multitude waved the American flag in unison with the measure of the music. At the end of the first verse the first flag of the United States was unfurled; after the second the flag flown by John Paul Jones in his fight with the Serapis and Countess of Scarborough was flung to the breeze; at the end of the third the whole park burst forth in color as the flags of all nations were broken from the trucks of the staffs.

There was tremendous enthusiasm during the impressive scene, and then an oration was delivered by H. L. Carson, of Philadelphia, followed by the reading of the Declaration of Independence by J. S. Norton, of this city. Once more the mighty host, led by the chorus and bands, broke forth in song, "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow," and the exercises were finished. During the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" a battery on the lake front fired a salute of forty-four guns. It was a most magnificent beginning to the day's festivities, and one that will be remembered by all who took part in it as long as they live.

In the meantime the Midway tribes assembled in the parade grounds at the west end of the plaisance. There mingled in honor of American liberty the Turks, Javanese and Egyptians, Samoans, Austrians and Hungarians, Chinese, Brazilians and Bedouins, Japanese, Laplanders and Eskimos, Dahomeyans, Algerians and Moors, and all the other nations—inhabitants of the street. Gathering about the stand they listened to J. S. Burton, from Krkansas, who read the Declaration of Independence. A battery let out a roaring blast, and as a noonday marker the government ships Andy Johnson and Michigan fired twenty-one guns each, both these ships having anchored off the park during the forenoon.

The work of decorating Midway began Monday afternoon. Ropes strung with brilliant pennants and Chinese lanterns were stretched the entire length of the treet and in front of the German village Manager Schmidt hung festoons of oak leaves from a score of poles. Levy threw out enough bunting to plaster the Masonic temple. He also built an archway of evergreens and stands in front of the grand bazaar and snspended from every peg and window-sill of the big balcony was a lantern on a blood-red emblem of the Ottoman empire.

Java caught the enthusiasm early in the day. For three hours at night the little men from the eastern archipelago were nailing flags to the bamboo poles at the entrance to their village and draping their theatres in great sheets of bunting.

"Old Vienna," where Bandmaster Ziehrer's orchestra played a new Columbian march was dressed in a thousand flags. The old court yard was festooned with lanterns, and over in that quiet nook where shrubs stand in tubs colored lights blazed upon the merry-makers. In fact the plaisance was a blaze of color.

THERE WAS MUSIC ALL DAY.

The Whole Afternoon Devoted to Listening and Sight Seeing.

The afternoon was devoted to music and sight-seeing; to getting the people ready to enjoy the great fire display of the night. Festival hall was opened at 2 o'clock for the special concert by the Thomas orchestra of 114 pieces. Here were seats for 5,000 people entirely free to everybody. Special international music, largely patriotic, had been arranged, and among the pieces were the "Columbian March and Hymn," overture "Hail Columbia;" "Wine, Woman and Song," "Star Spangled Banner," and "America."

This grand list was no sooner executed than the famous Cincinnati band crowded the lake front music pavillion and began its programme. All along the shore extra benches had been placed, so that 10,000 visitors could find seats, besides the long stretches of green lawn which were also used. The music was such as touched the heart, and among the pieces played were: "Old Hnndred," "Old Folks at Home," "My Skiff Is on the Shore," "My Lodging Is on the Cold Ground," "Jenny Jones," "Light of Other Days," "Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!" "Robin Adair," "What Can the Matter Be?" "Katie Darling," "Auld Lang Syne" and "Yankee Doodle."

Flags and bunting in great profusion were used to decorate the various state buildings. The were 175 flags disposed around the exterior of the California building alone, besides the streamers and bunting inside. California set the pace and there was active rivalry between the various states in the matter of appropriate decorations. Washington, whose certificate of statehood was only signed four years ago, took special pains to demonstrate her patriotic pride in the nation's anniversary and her own.

A VIEW OF THE FIREWORKS.

There were be no special ceremonies in any of the state buildings. It was the general feeling that the day belonged to the nation, and that everybody would observe it as individual Americans rather than as citizens of any particular state. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon there was a patriotic concert in the Ohio State building. Professor Fulkerson, of London, England, formerly of Ohio, sang several patriotic airs, and there was a good chorus to assist. The Iowa State band gare one concert in the Iowa pavillion as usual, besides taking part in the general exercises in other parts of the ground.

The pyrotechnic display that closed the festival was the grandest and most magnificent ever attempted in this country. Novelties and effects of a degree of gorgeousness and beauty never before displayed were common. Beginning at promptly 9 o'clock, on lake front, east of Manufactures building, from the Peristyle and from a battery of floats on the lake, the expensive and short-lived baubles were set off, and for nearly two hours the atmospheric regions around the fair grounds were filled with a red, white and blue, gold and silver shower of the most tremendous magnificence.

A Little Pointer from Gresham.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 3.—Walter Q. Gresham, secretary of state, has been visiting his mother in Harrison county and stopped over here to see a few of his friends. He was asked: "Do you believe that congress will repeal the Sherman act?"

"I certainly believe it will. I will say, too, that two weeks ago congress would not have repealed the act. I know whereof I speak when I say that."

Drowned While Bathing.

PHILADELPHIA, June 5.—Three lads were drowned in the Delaware river while bathing. The victims are: Jerry Triddle, aged 16; Milton Dammel, of the same age, and Arthur Gentz, aged 14. All were diving from boats and were seized with cramps. Gentz's body has not been recovered.

Killed in a Runaway.

ST. LOUIS, July 3.—While Mrs. Christian Haas and her daughter were driving on Twelfth street, near Biddle, the horse became frightened and ran away. Mrs. Haas was thrown violently to the ground and instantly killed. The daughter had her left arm broken and shoulder dislocated.

DEATH OF A. J. DREXEL.

The Wealthy Banker Dies at Carlsbad of Apoplexy.

PHILADELPHIA, July 1.—A private cablegram received at Drexel's banking house, states that Mr. A. J. Drexel died at Carlsbad, Germany. The cablegram bears the signature of D. B. Hoskis, who is a son-in-law of Minister to Germany Runyon and a personal friend of Mr. Drexel. The authenticity of the message, however, has not yet been learned by the firm, who are anxiously awaiting a reply to their cablegram of inquiry.

A later dispatch confirmed the death of Mr. Drexel. Apoplexy was the cause. Anthony J. Drexel was the head of the great banking house of Drexel & Co., in Philadelphia, which has a branch in New York under the name of Drexel, Morgan & Co., and one in Paris known as Drexel, Hayes & Co. Mr. Drexel was born in Philadelphia in 1826 and at the age of 13 entered the banking house which had been founded by his father, Francis M. Drexel. At the death of his father, in 1863, he had assumed control of the business, which he had practically been managing for some time, and has been at the head of the house ever since. Mr. Drexel was noted for many things besides his wealth. He was an earnest promoter of sciences and the arts, especially music, and was engaged in many philanthropic works.

His close friend was George W. Childs, also of Philadelphia, and the two were leaders in all charitable enterprises, their latest benefaction being the establishment and endowment in Colorado of a home for aged and broken down printers. Many charities in Philadelphia bear Mr. Drexel's name or were aided by his money and his gifts have not been confined to that city, but are distributed all over the country. The extent of Mr. Drexel's wealth cannot be told. It is largely invested in the house of Drexel & Co., the largest of its kind in this country and only exceeded by the Rothschilds and a few others in the world. It amounts to many millions, but the exact sum cannot be stated.

ALTGELD IN CHICAGO.

What He Says of the Criticism to Which He Is Subjected.

CHICAGO, June 29.—Governor Altgeld is in town. In reply to a reporter who asked him if he had anything to say about his pardoning of the Anarchists and the criticism which has been made of the act since its announcement, the governor said: "My reasons for pardoning the anarchists stand, and the abuse of the governor will not knock them down. In the comments I have seen there is only abuse. There is no argument. They do not mention the fact that the man who was chief of police at the time says that he has investigated the case thoroughly and that he does not believe that there was much in it.

"They do not mention the fact that the jurymen got up and said that they could not give the case a fair and impartial trial. They do not mention the fact that the men who threw the bomb was not brought into court and gave no evidence whatever at the trial. That it was not proved in the slightest measure that the man who threw the bomb had any connection with these men; was at all incited to the act by the conduct of these men, or that he had ever heard them make speeches. In a word, they leave my reasons severely alone. Now, mere abuse does not knock those reasons down. They are there and they must stand or fall on their merits."

Altgeld Hanged in Effigy

CHICAGO, June 29.—The Journal says: "Governor John P. Altgeld's action in pardoning the anarchists is not well received in Naperville. In fact the residents of the town were roused to such a pitch of indignation that they gave expression to their feelings by hanging the governor in effigy in the most approved style.

MURDERED THE FIREMAN.

Desperate Attempt to Rob a Train Down in Texas.

SAN ANTONIO, June 29.—A desperate attempt at train robbery took place at Brackenridge, thirty-five miles south of here, in which Fireman F. F. Martin was shot and instantly killed. The engineer jumped off, and one of the robbers was in full charge of the engine. He was going to run the train to a place where the others of the gang were stationed. Messenger Huff put on the airbrakes, stopping the train, and Conductor Steele, with twelve armed passengers, got off the train and, after firing several shots, captured the robber and turned him over to an officer at Karnes City. Strong posses have gone in all directions in pursuit of the three or four highwaymen supposed to have been near the river bridge and who fired Winchesters at the train and men while they were capturing the robber on the engine. The captured man gives his name as J. D. May.

Big Break in Wheat.

CHICAGO, June 29.—Wheat broke its lowest record for low prices in Chicago. The tight money market was the cause. A large speculative long interest in the July option exists, and owing to the difficulty of getting money holders do not want to have the article delivered to them. This brought out large offerings and the prices dropped 2 cents to 62¾ cents. Those who sold bought September delivery and at times had to pay a difference of 6 cents. Statisticians figure that this means an interest charge at the rate of about 40 per cent for carrying the wheat.

Made an Assignment.

ST. LOUIS, July 3.—The Madison Car company filed articles of assignment in the records court at Edwardsville, Ills., at 11 o'clock a. m. The assets are given at $918,000 and liabilities at $1,122,000. Paul A. Fusz is named as assignee. The company recently erected a large plant for the manufacture of railway cars at Madison, Ills., opposite this city and endeavored to build up a city similar to Pullman, Ills. The company has been in straightened circumstance for some time.

Train Robbers Captured.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., July 1.—A special from Brackenridge says that the sheriff's posse surrounded and captured three of the train robbers who held up the Aransas Pass train Tuesday. The men will be taken to the county jail for safe-keeping, but as the feeling is intense over the killing of Fireman Martin, it will be a miracle if they are not lynched before sunset.

Fell Heir to a Fortune.

SHAMOKIN, Pa., July 3.—William Bashore of this city, has received word that he has fallen heir to $500,000 by the recent death of John Lick, of observatory fame. The latter was an uncle of Bashore.

ON THE CURRENT TOPIC.

Silver Continues to Engage the People's Attention.

VIEW OF A NEW YORK BUSINESS MAN.

He Thinks That the Result of the Matter Will Be a Revaluation of the White Metal—A Colorado Man Who Is Not Downcast—His State Has Other Products and Will Still Be Rich—Idea of a Congressman.

NEW YORK, July 4.—President William P. Thompson, of the National Lead company, speaking of the silver question, said: "I believe that the action of the Indian council is a modified form of the Bland bill. It means a coinage of silver by a government instead of by an individual. Its temporary effect in this country will be the closing up of all low grade silver mines. Its ultimate effect will be that silver will rule at a value proportioned on the law of supply and demand. The cotton manufactories of Manchester have been enormously decreased by factories departing from there to India. What is true of this industry is a growing truth in a great many industries, which could be made common to both countries. The Englishmen are solicitous of taking a course that will revive a departure of their manufacturies from England to India.

Continued Use of Silver.

"In my judgment the Sherman silver law ought never to have been passed and should be promptly repealed. But in order to accomplish that some intelligent system for the continued use of silver as a measure of value should be presented so that the shock of so sudden an act as the withdrawal of the government from the agreed purchase of 4,500,000 ounces per month of that metal would not fall on the people who have been induced by the action of the government to put their means in mines, smelters and all other kindred industries. The American people are never going to be satisfied with a redundancy of the metal as a money. I have a theory that the national banking laws could be so amended that bank reserves might consist of gold and silver, either in their own vaults or those of the government in lieu of bonds.

General Round-Up of the Question.

"The action of the India council does not necessarily cut off the American markets. Just so long as the English merchant finds it possible to buy silver and send it to India he will do it, and there is no reason to suppose that the amount of gold in India is to be brought suddenly into circulation so as to make any immediate appreciable effect. It is difficult to determine the effect of a measure like the action of the Indian council upon the congressional mind. A general round-up of this whole question is to fix the status of silver on a relatively stable basis proportionate to gold."

ONE VIEW FROM COLORADO.

A Business Man Believes the Storm Will Clear the Atmosphere.

Mr. C. F. Meek, president of the Colorado Coal and Iron Development company and director of the Colorado Fuel and Iron company, when asked for views on the situation in Colorado, said: "I believe that the storm which is now at its height will clear the financial atmof phere, and bring all interests together for the establishment of a sound fiscal basis, and that under the re-arrangement the mines of Colorado and the northwest will run as they have hitherto and at a fair profit. I look for the re-establishment of the mining nterests of Colorado in a very short time, and believe that the present agitation will direct attention to the agricultural resources of the state, which are immense and only indifferently developed.

"There is more money made in live stock and agricultural interests in Colorado today than in the mines. Besides this, the state has more coal and iron ore than any state in the Union, which forms a basis for legitimate enterprises, with a market covering nearly all the territory west of the Missouri river. No matter what is done with silver, Colorado will still be rich if she had nothing but her coal and iron; from these two products of the earth Pennsylvania has grown immensely rich.

"The agitation for suspension of attachment and execution laws has been carried on by thoughtless people who have neither property nor financial responsibility of any nature, but Colorado is dominated by conservative and honorable people, who will be the last in the Union to repudiate their honest debts and obligations. It is true the very suggestion of the suspension of laws for the enforcement of contracts will injure Colorado to some extent, but people who have interests sufficient to consider the matter at all will realize that it is merely an outburst on the part of an element that exists in every state in the Union and which is always irresponsible."

What a Congressman Proposes.

BROOKLYN, July 4.—Congressman Joseph C. Hendrix, president of the National Union bank, said: "I strongly favor a joint resolution to be passed by the house of representatives as soon as congress meets giving the power to suspend the execution of the purchasing clause of the Sherman silver law. If this can be done immediately after the house is organized the matter will then go to the senate and upon that body all the influence of the public opinion of the country may be concentrated. The country may rest assured that the silver state senators will make one of the most desperate fights in the history of congress to save the silver mining industry from ruin, and that every resource of the oppenents will be taxed to overcome their zeal."

Vandalism on the Caravels.

DETROIT, Mich., July 4.—Thousands of people went to Belle Isle to visit the Spanish caravels, but they were all disappointed, for no one was allowed on board the boats. The public's visit of the day before was too much for the ships, as many momento fiends had used their knives on the interior wood work to procure relics of the visit to the curious ships. This, together with the fact that several thousand people had left their autographs in lead pencil on the walls made a renovating necessary.

Labor Leader Drops Dead.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 4.—B. O. Harris, prominent in labor and typographical union affairs, dropped dead. He came from Marion, Ind.

Drexel's Great Fortune.

PHILADELPHIA, July 4.—The late A. J. Drexel's will not be read until one week after his funeral. The estate will amount to over $30,000,000.

EXPLOSION OF GUN COTTON.

Three Men Killed at the Newport Torpedo Station.

NEWPORT, R. I., July 4.—Three killed—Jeremiah Harrigan, Frank Loughlin and and Michael Reagan—half a score injured and the gun cotton factory burned down to the very sills is the result of the fire at the torpedo station here. How the fire originated is a mystery. The explosion did not take place until after a general alarm had been rung on the station fire alarm, and the whole fire force of nearly 100 men was gathered close about the building. The fire started in the north end of the building on the west side, while the explosion occurred on the east side at the north end.

The injured men were all working upon a hose close to the building when apparently the whole side was blown out into the midst of a score of men. How the others escaped is a mystery. The seamen and gunners were at work in the centre of the building throwing out gun cotton, there being a large quantity of it in a wet condition. They naturally deserted the building and by orders of Captain Converse all lay under the shelter of the earth embankment about the factory, from whence they directed feeble streams toward the burning structure, which was allowed to burn out. The fire equipment was not suitable to do effective duty and the city department was not prepared to respond to such a call readily.

Daniel Burns received the worst injuries of all, but he will recover. He was badly mangled by flying timbers and metal, while those killed were literally blown to pieces. The burning of the factory will probably remove the manufacture of guncotton from here, as the officers have long since declared that a seaport town is an undesirable place to manufacture such supplies in time of war, as it would soon fall into the hands of the enemy.

DIED IN BAD CAUSE.

A New York Cigar Maker Strikes a Fatal Blow for Old Glory.

NEW YORK, July 4.—Frank Kraiger, a piano maker, died at St. Marys hospital, Hoboken, from a concussion of the brain. He was injured in a fight at Guttenburg on Saturday night. His assailant was John Schultz, a cigar maker, 26 years old. The men met in John Brelliten's barber shop Hudson avenue. Kraiger, who is said to have been a pronounced socialist, made Schultz angry by sneeringly referring to the American flag. He warned Kraiger to desist, and threatened to thrash him if he did not.

"To hell with America," said Kraiger, defiantly. "Damn the American flag."

Schultz sprang upon the piano maker. They fought viciously until they were separated by the barber and his assistants. Schultz then left the shop in a rage. The two met on the street later and the fight was renewed. Schultz proved to be stronger and knocked Kraiger down.

Kraiger had to be partially carried to his home, and later was removed to the hospital, where he died soon after being admitted. Schultz was arrested and committed to answer to the charge of murder. He claimed that he merely intended to teach Kraiger to keep his anarchist opinions to himself, and had no intention of injuring him seriously. Kraiger leaves a widow and two young children.

Boxing Event at Boby.

CHICAGO, July 4.—Another first-class match has been arranged by the Columbian Athletic club. Under its provisions Griffo, the undisputed featherweight champion of Australia, and Johnny Van Heest will box to a finish on Aug. 21 for a purse of $2,500. A side bet of $5,000 has also been made on the contest by George Rose for Griffo and Mike Haley for Van Heest.

A Drunken Man Shoots Two Others.

SPOKANE, Wash., July 4.—At Hauser Junction, a small village eighteen miles from here, Dennis Collins, a discharged section hand on the Northern Pacific, shot M. J. Coleman, section foreman, probably fatally. Jack Dugan, who interfered between the belligerents, was shot and killed. Collins was drunk.

Wanted to Emulate Steve Brodie.

NEW YORK, July 4.—Edward McCarthy, aged 21, a bartender, jumped from the Brooklyn bridge and sustained injuries which will probably result in death. Judging from his last conversation before taking his leap he was anxious to emulate the example of Steve Brodie and share in the bridge jumper's notoriety.

Drowned While Bathing.

PHILADELPHIA, June 4.—Three lads were drowned in the Delaware river while bathing. The victims are: Jerry Triddle, aged 16; Milton Dammel, of the same age, and Arthur Gentz, aged 14. All were diving from boats and were seized with cramps. Gentz's body has not been recovered.

Horrible Death of a Boy.

PORTLAND, Or., July 4.—Victor, the 7-year-old son of S. Daylboom, furniture dealer of Laconner, while at play, fell into a vat of boiling quassia chips. He was quickly pulled out, but his flesh was literally cooked and after lingering in terrible agony in a few hours he died.

Let Him Out to Attend a Funeral.

MITCHELL, Ind., July 4.—Curtis Bass, who is serving a term in the southern prison, arrived here to attend the funeral of his brother Willis, who committed suicide. His young wife Maggie met him at the station with a carriage. The scene was a very affecting one.

Comparative Export Figures.

NEW YORK, July 4.—The exports, exclusive of specie, from the port of New York for the week were $7,186,617, against $6,020,121 for the corresponding week last year, and from Jan. 1 to date $170,157,605, against $204,489,725 for the corresponding period of 1892.

Driving Out the Cattlemen.

GUTHRIE, O. T., July 4.—The new detachment of troops brought up from the Rio Grande to patrol the Cherokee strip understand their business, and the cattle and cattlemen are being driven from the land at last.

Michigan State Geologist.

LANSING, Mich., July 4.—Lucius L. Hubbard has been appointed state geologist by the board of geological survey. The work of the survey, which has been sadly neglected for a number of years, will be pushed forward to completion.

Death of Governor Altgeld's Mother.

TOLEDO, O., July 4.—Mrs. Peter Altgeld, mother of Governor Altgeld, of Illinois, is dead at her home near Mansfield. She was 78 years of age. Apoplexy was cause of death.

HE NEWS CONDENSED.

Items of Interest Boiled Down for th Busy Reader.

Ebenezer Davenport of Davenport, Ia., the 17-year-old son of the founder of the city, was crushed to death in a passenger elevator in a dry goods store.

The friends of Congressman Thomas Updegraff in northwestern Iowa are urging his nomination for governor on the Republican ticket.

John J. Lamb, treasurer of the International Machinist association, who decamped with the funds of the association while in session at Indianapolis last month, pleaded guilty at Scranton, Pa., to the charge of embezzlement of $3,500. He was sentenced to imprisonment for one year.

Albert Durie brought suit against the Waco (Texas) Ice and Refrigerator company for $6,000 damages for defamation of character, causing his new employers to discharge him.

John McLean, 84 years old, of Bloomington, Ills., one of the early settlers of the county, was killed by being struck by a train while walking on the track near Normal.

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The mines around Great Falls, Mont., have been closed.

John Hazalens and Harry Williams are in jail in St. Paul on the charge of passing counterfeit money. The police of the Twin Cities think they have struck an organized counterfeiting plant, and more arrests are expected.

President Cleveland expects to be at his cottage on Buzzard's Bay July 17, unless a message from his family summons him earlier.

Harry T. Hubbard, a traveling salesman for Stahl Bros., New York, shot himself at the Plankinton House in Milwaukee. He may recover.

George Schafer, under sentence to be hanged July 6 at St. Louis, has been declared insane. Schafer, who had always been known as "Crazy George," killed Henry Grattan two years ago for teasing him about his eccentricities.

A $4,000 judgment entered at New York against William L. Patten and Henry L. Saltonstall developed the fact that the firm owes $688,000, and has actual assets of only $11,000.

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Secretary Gresham left for Indianapolis after a brief visit to his aged mother at Lanes, Ky. His mother has been quite ill, but is now much better.

Mrs. Eliza Slabaugh of Goshen, Ind., is suing for divorce from her husband, John Slabaugh, to whom she was married forty-one years ago.

Governor McKinley has ordered an investigation into the charges made by Dr. George H. Boyd of Sandusky, O., that much of the food given the inmates of the Soldiers' home there is unfit to eat.

Miss Lina Mathews, a prepossessing dressmaker of Sedalia, Mo., brought suit for $5,000 damages against Louis Rast, a Missouri Pacific engineer, for breach of promise of marriage. Miss Mathews is a Protestant, while Rast is a Catholic.

Sarah Dodge of Gardner, Ills., who was charged with murdering Captain Walter S. Babcock of Chicago a few years ago, is charged by her uncle with insanity.

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The condition of British crops is shown by special reports in the Times to be very unsatisfactory, the summing up being that "the crops as a whole are below the condition they were last year in England and Wales."

The island of Heligoland, which recently came into Germany's possession, is gradually dropping into the German ocean.

The Socialists are holding a congress at Chicago and have endorsed Governor Altgeld's pardon of the Anarchists.

Physicians have examined the brain of Buccieri, who was hanged at Reading for the murderer of a nun, and pronounced him insane.

The Kansas (Populist) state board of assessors having increased railroad assessments, as thought, too heavily, the corporations will unitedly refuse to pay taxes this year and fight it out in the courts.

The ship Edward O'Brien, which unexpectedly arrived at Philadelphia after being given up as lost, was becalmed on the equator in the Atlantic, and for three months remained motionless.

A. J. Drexel, the deceased banker and philanthropist, was unusually well and cheerful just before his death. This is what a Scotch superstition calls "fey."

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Charles Nordnoff, the New York Herald man, who has returned from Honolulu, says Minister Blount wouldn't stay in the islands for $50,000 a year.

The first coat ever worn by Colonel John Davis, one of Denison, Tex., oldest citizens, was made by Andrew Johnson, then a tailor, afterward president of the United States.

Henry M. Stanley is carrying out his often-expressed intention of writing up the folklore of the African regions which he has explored.

Arthur Brockett struck a stranger who entered the saloon where he was at work at Lima, O., and the man died soon after. Brockett fled.

Thousands of Dollars

Mr. S. G. Derry.

I spent trying to find a cure for Sale Rheum, which I had 13 years. Physicians said they never saw so severe a case. My legs, back and arms were covered by the humor. I was unable to lie down in bed, could not walk without crutches, and had to have my arms, back and legs bandaged twice a day. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon I could see a change. The flesh became more healthy, the sores soon healed, the scales fell off, I was soon able to give up bandages and crutches, and a happy man I was. I had been taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

for seven months; and since that time, 2 years, I have worn no bandages whatever and my legs and arms are sound and well." S. G. DERRY, 45 Bradford St., Providence, R. I.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, and sick headache. Try them.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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All communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JULY 8, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Mr. E. S. Willard.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Lillian Russell Opera Company.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Denman Thompson.

AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—Kiralfy's Grand Spectacle, "America."

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.
Sixty-third street, Opposite World's Fair—Congress of Rough Riders of the World. Open every day, rain or shine.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE POPE AND THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, has had translated, and given out for publication in the press, the pontifical letter of Pope Leo XIII, in regard to the school question in the United States. His Holiness, after stating that he had often given manifest proofs both of his solicitude for the welfare of the faithful people and bishops of this country, takes occasion to observe, that the sending to America of Archbishop Satolli is an additional and unmistakable sign of his favor. He was to assist in the name of his Holiness at the dedication of the universal exhibition held in this city, in which he (the Pope) by the courteous invitation of the directors has taken part. But, he continues, the legation has also for its purpose that the pontifical presence should be made, as it were, perpetual among Americans (Catholics) by the permanent establishment of an apostolic delegation at the national capital. The Pope vehemently desires that the bonds of mutual relationship binding the prelacy and their faithful people with him, as children with their father, would grow closer every day. For the extirpation of all germs of dissension among Catholics in the United States developed by too well known controversies, in regard to Catholic education, his Holiness has, above all, given command to the Archbishop of Lepanto, (Mgr. Satolli) that he should use all his endeavors, and all the skill of his fraternity.

After referring to the proceedings of the Council of New York, the Pope continues:

"But the propositions of our delegate having been inopportunely made public, minds were at once excited and controversies started afresh, which, through false interpretations and malignant imputations scattered abroad in the newspapers, grew more widespread and more serious.

"Then certain prelates of your country, whether displeased with the interpretations put upon some of these propositions, or fearing the harm to souls which it seemed to them might hence result, confided to us the reason of their anxiety. And we, knowing that the salvation of souls is the supreme law to be ever assiduously borne in mind by us, wishing moreover to give you another proof of our solicitous affection, requested that each of you should, in a private letter, fully open his mind to us on the subject, which was diligently complied with by each one of you.

"From the examination of these letters it became manifest to us that some of you found in the propositions no reason for apprehension; while to others it seemed that the propositions partially abrogated the disciplinary law concerning schools enacted by the Council of Baltimore, and they feared that the diversity of interpretations put upon them would engender sad dissensions which would prove detrimental to the Catholic schools.

"After carefully weighing the matter we are intimately convinced that such interpretations are totally alien from the meaning of our delegate, as they are assuredly far from the mind of this apostolic see.

"For the principal propositions offered by him were drawn from the decrees of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, and specially declare that Catholic schools are to be most sedulously promoted, and that it is to be left to the judgment and conscience of the Ordinary to decide, according to the circumstances, when it is lawful and when unlawful to attend the public schools.

"Now if the words of any speaker are so to be taken that the latter part of his discourse shall be understood to agree, and not to disagree, with what he had said before, it is surely both unbecoming and unjust so to explain his later utterances as to make them disagree with the preceding ones. And this is the more true since the meaning of the writer was not at all left obscure.

"For while presenting his propositions to the distinguished meeting in New York, he expressly declared (as is evident from the minutes) his admiration for the zeal manifested by the bishops of North America in the most wise decrees enacted by the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore for the promotion of the Catholic instruction of the young.

"He added, moreover, that these decrees, in as far as they contain a general rule of action, are faithfully to be observed; and that, although the public schools are not to be entirely condemned (since cases may arise, as the council itself had foreseen, in which it is lawful to attend them), still every endeavor should be made to multiply Catholic schools and to bring them to perfect equipment.

"But in order that, in a matter of so grave importance, there may remain no further room for doubt or for dissension of opinions, as we have already declared in our letter of May 23 of last year to our venerable brethren, the archbishop and bishops of the province of New York, so we again, as far as need be, declare that the decrees which the Baltimore Council, agreeably to the holy see, have enacted concerning parochial schools, and whatever else has been prescribed by the Roman pontiffs, whether directly or through the sacred congregations concerning the same matter, are to be steadfastly observed."

The decrees of the Plenary Council of Baltimore, to which the pontifical letter refers, are as follows:

"1. That near every church, where one does not already exist, a parochial school be erected within two years from the promulgation of the council, and perpetually maintained, unless the bishop should judge that a delay ought to be granted on account of grave difficulties.

"2. That a priest who within that time prevents, through grave negligence, or does not, after repeated admonitions of the bishop, provide for the erection and maintenance of a school, deserves to be removed from that church.

"3. That a mission or parish which so neglects to aid the priest in erecting and maintaining a school as that, owing to that negligence, a school cannot exist, ought to be reprehended by the bishop, and efficaciously and prudently induced to supply the necessary aid.

"4. That all Catholic parents are bound to send their children to the parochial school unless they sufficiently and evidently provide for the education of their children, either at home or in other Catholic schools, or unless they are allowed to send them to other schools through sufficient cause, approved by the bishop, and with the proper cautions and remedies. It is left to the judgment of the bishop to decide what is a Catholic school."

THE CITIZEN confesses that it does not see how the letter of the Pope changes the original situation. No right of private judgment seems to be left to lay Catholics, in regard to the education of their children. The approval of the bishop is necessary in all cases, if we have not misread the provisions of the Council and the encyclical of his Holiness.

MEAGHER'S WATERFORD SPEECH.

The following letter from Mr. Michael Cavanagh, author of the excellent "Life of Thomas Francis Meagher," which THE CITIZEN reviewed a few weeks ago, will be read with interest:

1159 FOURTH ST., NORTHEAST, WASHINGTON, D. C., June 27, 1893—JOHN F. FINERTY, Editor of THE CITIZEN: In your very friendly notice of my "Life of Thomas Francis Meagher," I find one observation which, I think, calls for an explanation on my part. Referring to the Waterford speech, you say: "Owing to accident, perhaps, the most brilliant passage of the speech delivered to the electors of Waterford is omitted."

To this I have only to state that the speech, as given in the book, was copied carefully by me from John Mitchel's *United Irishman*, in which paper it is credited to the *Freeman* and *Waterford Mail*.

I have the volume of the *United Irishman* and the book before me now. I have carefully compared the copy of the speech with the original from which it was taken, and the only discrepancy I find is that in the book the word "heinous" was substituted for "serious" in the opening sentence. This was, I presume, a typographical error.

I know that many speeches which I heard Meagher deliver in Dublin during this exciting period were not fully reported in the *Freeman*. I have seen the omitted sentences replaced in Meagher's own handwriting in the corrected reports, which he habitually prepared for the *Nation*, whose editor, unlike his cautious contemporary, did not shrink from the consequences of their publication. Of the Waterford speech, however, the version given in the *United Irishman* is the only one I recollect having read at the period of its delivery, and so I adopted it without a doubt of its accuracy. Sincerely yours,

MICHAEL CAVANAGH.

The editor of THE CITIZEN first read Meagher's superb Waterford speech in an old copy of the Dublin *Nation*, which fell into his hands in boyhood. It differed but slightly from that given in the edition of Meagher's speeches, edited by himself, published in New York, after his arrival in this country from his place of exile in Australia.

The portion of the Waterford speech—delivered, by the way, on Feb. 28 instead of Feb. 19, 1848,—omitted in Mr. Cavanagh's version, coming after the words, "And upon that right, in the name of truth and freedom I take my stand," is as follows, and can be found on pages 223, 224 and 225 of his authenticated speeches, published by Haverty and the Sadliers:

"Let no man gainsay that right. It is stamped upon the throne of the everlasting hills, and the hand that strives to blot it out conspires against the dignity of man, and the goodness of God. And yet, were it my desire to play a petty part upon this day—my desire to vindicate the conduct in which I glory, on low and shifting grounds—I might tell you, gentlemen of the old school, that in the career of Mr. O'Connell himself it is easy for me to find a justification for the 'insubordination' which you impugn. The Rev. Mr. O'Shea—who I am very happy to perceive in the 'omnibus box' on my right—insisted at the meeting in the town hall, on last Monday week, that I had just as much right to differ from Mr. O'Connell as Mr. O'Connell had to differ from Mr. Grattan. The difference between Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Grattan occurred in July, 1813. What was Mr. O'Connell at that time? He was a young man—a man who had done little or no service for his country, and who had certainly advanced a very short way towards that commanding position in which we beheld him a few months since.

"But what of Henry Grattan? Henry Grattan at that time was venerable for his years and his services. His gray hairs were circled with a crown of glory, and, as he sat in the senate hall of England, men gazed upon him with a noble pity, for, in his weak, and pale and shrivelled form, they beheld the shadow of that power by which, in 1782, the dead came forth and the sepulcher was filled with light—by which (the captive became a sovereign)* the province became a kingdom, and, stirred by his rushing genius, 'arose from her bed in the ocean and got nearer to the sun!'

"And did the young O'Connell blast his prospects by his difference with the great Irish citizen? On this account did vulgar tongues—did poisoned pens—assail the daring Catholic? For this was he scoffed at as an infidel, hooted as a traitor to his country—outlawed as a murderer of her deliverer?

"I tell you, gentlemen—you who are in that inconvenient corner there, and think you represent the city—I tell you this, that public men were more just and chivalrous in the days of Grattan than they are in yours, and if in the war of parties there might have been a keener enmity, there was assuredly less falsehood and less cant. I am now done with this accusation, and having done with it, I beg leave to tell you that it is the last time I shall apologize for having refused to be a slave. Call it vanity, call it treachery, call it—as your prototype, Justice Dogberry, would have called it—call it housebreaking or flat perjury, call it by any name you please, from henceforth I shall but smile at the intolerant dictation that would utter, and the mischievous credulity that will cheer, an accusation so fictitious."

* In the *Nation's* copy, but not in the revised speeches.

"UNITED IRELAND" LECTURES "THE CITIZEN."

We find in *United Ireland*, of June 24, an editorial replying to an article recently published in THE CITIZEN, in which Gladstone and the Irish National (?) members of the house of commons were denounced for accepting Sir Henry James' amendment, doubly affirming the control of the Imperial parliament over purely Irish affairs. Perhaps it is as well that our readers should be made thoroughly acquainted with *United Ireland's* views on the subject. Following is the summing up of our contemporary's reply to our strictures:

"We print these extracts from THE CITIZEN, because it is one of the few Irish-American papers which did not desert Parnell when he needed help. We print them for the purpose of setting THE CITIZEN right, and so helping to correct a very mistaken view, calculated to do harm and lead to misunderstanding. For in this article—and we say it with every respect—THE CITIZEN is greatly wrong. It is perfectly true that Flood and Grattan were opposed to British parliamentary supremacy; but they were members of a parliament co-ordinate with the Imperial one. It is true that O'Connell was opposed to it, but he was a Repealer. As to Butt, it is sufficient to say that he was the origin of the Home Rule movement, which was a compromise with Repeal. Mr. Butt was willing to accept a subordinate parliament, as every student of his policy should know.

"Up till 1886 it was not clear whether Mr. Parnell would be satisfied with anything less than absolute constitutional independence; but he announced during the debate on the bill of that year that he acknowledged it gave Ireland only a subordinate legislature, and that he believed, certain conditions being fulfilled, that such a legislature would, so far as it was possible for us of the present generation to judge, end the Irish question and settle the matter. To be sure there are various ways of interpreting this subordinacy. Mr. Redmond has repeatedly defined the position of Independent Nationalists, which is, to secure that the Imperial parliament shall, so far as it is possible to do so in the act, be prevented from interfering with Ireland in any way. We acknowledge, as Mr. Redmond has repeatedly acknowledged, that the Imperial parliament has an inalienable right to interfere, even in purely Irish affairs—a right from which it could not divorce itself, even if it would.

"We fully acknowledge this; but we hope—and Mr. Redmond has pledged himself to endeavor to realize that hope when the time comes—that a provision may be inserted in the bill by which the Irish people may be satisfied that there will be no vexatious interference with our domestic concerns by the parliament of London. Speaking in a constitutional sense, nothing more could or can be done. If the editor of THE CITIZEN believed that the Home Rule bill was giving us a co-ordinate parliament, he must not have read it. And if he read it, he ought to have made his protest at the time. If THE CITIZEN'S premises were correct, Mr. Redmond and his colleagues would undoubtedly be 'recreant and poor-spirited Irish members,' as it writes them down; but its premises are altogether wrong. THE CITIZEN is a patriotic Irish-American journal, and we are sure it would not knowingly misrepresent the attitude of the Independent party at Westminster. But in this article it has done them a gross injustice."

We thank *United Ireland* for its frank statement of facts surrounding the Home Rule proposition. It makes it perfectly clear that the Irish legislature, when created, if ever, is to be purely a provincial assembly, bound hand and foot by the the will of the British parliament. It is simply a case of political half-hanging—an art with which the English are familiar by a not very ancient tradition. Ireland is not to be entirely strangled. She is to be left just breath enough in her outraged body to live, on the principle, perhaps, that it would not be entirely prudent on the part of England to kill outright the goose that keeps laying so many golden eggs. As for "vexatious interference with Ireland's domestic concerns," the English "conscience" will not worry itself much over that, if it should at any time become necessary to interfere, however unjustly, "in the paramount interests of the empire."

In regard to *United Ireland's* reminder that we should have objected when the bill was first introduced, we have only to say that Sir Henry James' amendment was not then before us, although something like it was embodied in the original bill, and we sincerely desired then, as we now desire, to throw no obstacle in ths way of the Irish people in the struggle for what they conceive to be a species of liberty which may be defined, in the light of recent events, as modified slavery.

Apropos of Parnell's concession, made in his Portsmouth, Eng., speech, in 1886, when he accepted Gladstone's first bill "small as it was," as "a final settlement," we then believed, and we now believe, it was the main error of his otherwise bold and manly political career. Mr. Redmond greatly improved on Parnell's position when he recently told Balfour, Chamberlain & Co., in the house of commons, that a clause inserted in the bill defining its passage as "a final settlement" would not be worth the paper on which it was written. THE CITIZEN has no object in view but the advancement of the Irish cause when it severely criticizes the often displayed moral timidity of some of its foremost champions. The bravest, and ablest, of the latter, as illustrated in the debates on the measure, have been Mr. John E. Redmond and Mr. Thomas Sexton. Why cannot these two gifted and excellent Irishmen shake hands, pool their issues, and act in perfect harmony for the common weal? It is in the power of Redmond and Sexton to stamp out even the semblance of faction. If they do this, the sinews of war from this country will be furnished without stint.

THE FOURTH AND THE FAIR.

Between paid and free admissions, there assembled at the World's Fair grounds, on July Fourth, over 310,000 people, who listened to patriotic speeches and enjoyed at night, a magnificent "function" of fire works. The crowd was so dense that the lines of transportation had their hands more than full in seeking to accommodate it. Not a single serious accident occurred at the Fair although many casualties are reported in the city itself.

FATHER WALDRON DEAD.

At the hour of going to press we learn, with sincere regret, of the sudden death from paralysis of the Rev. Father John J. Waldron, pastor of the Catholic church at Oak Park, Ill. He had been sick only three days, and, up to his fatal seizure appeared to be in excellent health. He was born at Niagara Falls, June 18, 1854, and studied theology in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. He was ordained priest June 28, 1879, by Bishop John L. Spalding. The first year of ministry he spent as curate to his uncle, then pastor of St. John's church at Clark street and Eighteenth. His first charge was at Pullman. He has been at Oak Park for the last five years.

LITERARY.

The World's Fair City.

Today, careful estimates place the population at 1,400,000, and the probability is that it is above rather than below that figure. The area within the city limits is 181 square miles. There is over $200,000,000 invested in manufacturing industries, producing annually upward of $550,000,000 worth of goods, and paying employes more than $100,000,000. The wholesale business of the city aggregates more than $500,000,000, and its commerce more than $1,500,000,000. The bank clearings are nearly $5,000,000,000 a year. Over $60,000,000 has been invested in public schools, whose maintenance costs from $5,000,000 to $6,000,000 a year. There are 800 private schools, 350 seminaries and academies, and four universities. The public library contains nearly 200,000 books, and has a circulation greater than that of any other in the United States. The other libraries of the city are estimated to contain over 3,000,000 volumes. There are over 900 daily and weekly papers and periodicals, and 700 literary organizations. There are about 600 churches. Over $300,000,000 has been expended in the construction of buildings since 1876, and the annual expenditure for this purpose is between $45,000,000 and $55,000,000.

I have said that there is something like destiny in this unexampled development. So there is; but destiny is merely another name for natural law.—*John F. Ballyntine in July St. Nicholas.*

The Ship's Colors.

Oh, sailor, young sailor, with tan on your cheek,
What flag is your schooner to fly at her peak?
Oh, Jack in blue jacket, I pray you, declare
What colors your busy brown fingers prepare?

"What flag but the grandest?" my sailor-boy said;
"The star-spangled union, the stripes white and red;
The flower of all ensigns, the pride of the sky:
No flag but 'Old Glory' my beauty shall fly!"

Oh, sailor, my sailor, you've chosen aright!
Thus prize it forever that banner of light.
Each stripe has a meaning you yet cannot guess;
Each star is more sacred than words may express;

O'er desolate ice-fields—'mid islands of palm—
It lives through the storm, and it sleeps through the calm.
It guides, through the war-cloud, on perilous ways;
It decks the glad cities on festival days.

In far away harbors, where many ships meet,
Where dark foreign faces look strange in the street,
The flag flaps a greeting, and kinsmen who roam
All bless the brave colors that tell them of home.

Wherever it flutters, the bride of the breeze,
A message of freedom it flings o'er the seas,
A hope for the world—and the heart that beats true
Must leap at the sight of the red, white, and blue!
—*Helen Gray Cone, in July St. Nicholas.*

The Beginning of the Spoils System.

The spoils system had no foothold whatever in national politics at the close of Adams' term. The public service was not filled with men of one political party, but with men of opposite political creeds who had been retained because of their fitness. There was no excuse for removals in order to establish an equilibrium between the parties, for such equilibrium existed already. But Jackson waited for no excuses of any kind. Under pretence of reforming the service, he began to make removals by wholesale, conducting the first "clean sweep" the country had ever seen. Miss Lucy M. Salmon, professor of history in Vassar College, in her valuable "History of the Appointing Power of the President," to which we are indebted for most of the information contained in this article, says: "It was impossible to obtain official record of the changes made. No one knew whose turn had come, whose turn would come next. Clerks who had been appointed by Washington and Jefferson, and had grown gray in the service, were dismissed without warning. There had always been an understanding that so long as an officer was faithful and capable he should retain his position. Clerks were now told that no complaint had been made against them, but that their places were desired for others. The collectors of customs at the leading ports of the country, most of whom had been long in the service, were removed, and partizans of the president were put in their places. In all, it was estimated that two thousand removals were made during Jackson's first year, and the places thus vacated were filled, in nearly all instances, with extreme partizans, few of whom had any fitness. During Jackson's first two years no fewer than fifty-five editors of partizan newspapers —"editors of the foulest press." Adams styles them in his diary—were given office.

When Van Buren succeeded Jackson the same policy was continued, and the fruits of it were beginning to be harvested. The people demanded a change, and Gen. W. H. Harrison came into office pledged to give it to them, but he died too soon to have it known whether or not he would have been able to keep his promises. He made many removals, but these were made necessary by the fact that the service was filled so largely with dishonest and incompetent persons. It is interesting to note that the "rush for office," of which we have had such sad accounts in recent years, began as the first fruit of Jackson's policy. Seward, in writing of the inauguration of Harrison, says in his autobiography: "At the White House, the office-seekers literally took possession, some, it is said, even sleeping in the halls and corridors, in order to have the first chance in the morning. Day and night Harrison was besieged by the crowd." Tyler made few or no efforts to resist the spoilsmen when Harrison's death put him in power. He made as "clean" a "sweep" as Jackson did, removing by wholesale, appointing partizans and editors, and toward the close of his administration using the offices openly to insure his own re-election.—*From "Topics of the Time" in the July Century.*

"The Cosmopolitan."

The July *Cosmopolitan* will mark the most radical step ever taken in periodical literature. With that issue the magazine, unchanged in form, in fact, one of the best numbers of the *Cosmopolitan* ever issued, will be put on sale at twelve and one-half cents per copy—$1.50 a year. The cutting in half of a price already deemed low for an illustrated magazine is the result of an intention long since formed, to give to the public an illustrated monthly of the very highest class at such a price as must bring it within the reach of all persons of intellectual tastes, however limited their incomes. There are more than ten million readers in the United States and less than eight hundred thousand magazines are printed to supply their demands. More than four years have been spent in reaching the organization necessary for the production of the *Cosmopolitan* at this price, a figure hitherto undreamed of by the reading world. The *Cosmopolitan* promises to make the year 1893 the most brilliant in its history. No other year has seen such an array of distinguished names as will appear on its title page during 1893: De Maupassant, Mark Twain, Georg Ebers, Valdez, Spielhagen, Francois Coppee, Flammarion, and Paul Heyse, are some of the authors whose work will appear for the first time during this year in the pages of the *Cosmopolitan*. Among the artists whose work will decorate its pages for the first time during 1893 are Laurens, Toussaint, Vierge, Rochegrosse and Schwabe. William Dean Howells will be a regular contributor during 1893-94. A feature of the July number will be triple frontispieces by Rochegrosse and Guillonnet.

"The Gaelic Journal."

No. 45 of the Dublin *Gaelic Journal* has reached us. It has samples of "Popular Gaelic"—the language as spoken—from Kerry, West Cork, Donegal, and of Scotch Gaelic from the Isle of Skye, altogether a very interesting number. Although it is the only journal published in Ireland in the interest of the national language, its circulation is still small, and the editor appeals to its readers to endeavor to extend it. The yearly subscription is 2s 6d, for which sum it will be mailed to any part of the world. All subscriptions and other communications should be sent to the editor, the Rev. E. O'Growney, Maynooth College, County Kildare, Ireland.

"The Arena."

Among the contributors to the July *Arena* are Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, The Marquis of Lorne, O. B. Frothingham, Rev. C. A. Bartol, Appleton Morgan, Rabbi Schindler, W.D. M'Crackan, A.M., Helen Campbell, Emil Blum, Ph. D., B. O. Flower and Rev. T. Ernest Allen. Among the subjects presented are opinions on the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy by eminent critics of Europe and America. "Our Foreign Policy." "Bimetallic Parity," "Reason at the World's Fair Congress of Religion," "Women Wage-Earners in the West," and "Pure Democracy Versus Governmental Favoritism." If you wish to be in touch with living issues and present day problems, read the July *Arena*.

"Jenness Miller Illustrated Monthly."

The July number of the *Jenness Miller Illustrated Monthly* is full of interesting matter, and will while away many an idle hour at the summer resorts. The "Progress of Women," "Interviewing as an Art," by Mrs. Lynn Linton; "Baths and Bathing," "Princess Bismarck at Friedrichsruhe," "The Ginee, or the Hindu Family Queen of Bengal," are among the leading features. Price $1 a year. Published at 927 Broadway, New York.

"McClure's Magazine."

A series of articles of more than ordinary interest begin publication in *McClure's* for July, and will run through several numbers. In these articles will be given the story of the Brontes in Ireland. They constitute a series of reminiscences of real life and at the same time suggest the origin of the extraordinary genius of the Bronte sisters. The incidents in the lives of the Brontes' ancestors to the great grandfather furnished much of the plot and material for the Bronte novels. Years before Charlotte Bronte wrote "Jane Eyre," the neighbors of the Irish Brontes recognized their extraordinary characteristics, and the writer of these articles, as a pupil under the tuition of the Rev. David McKee, wrote, as his compositions in English, stories told him by his teacher, embodying extraordinary incidents and events in the careers of the Brontes. This is the first real addition to our knowledge of the Brontes that has been made in many years, and it so happens that there were but two people whose early associations and knowledge would have made them competent to give this history. One of these two is dead, Capt. Mayne Reid, who was a native of the town where the Brontes lived. Aside from the interest of the articles in thus giving the material upon which the Bronte novels were based, they have all the fascination of the most dramatic and interesting fiction.

Don't you know to have perfect health you must have pure blood, and the best way to have pure blood is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and strength builder.

Hood's Pills may be had by mail for 25c. of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

VISITORS to the famous watering place, Kilkee, county Clare, Ireland, will find the best accommodations at Mrs. Kelly's, 1 and 2 Billow View.

TONE'S LAST HOURS.

Noble Effort Made by the Celebrated John Philpot Curran to Save the Patriot's Life.

The Hero's Farewell Letters to the French Republican Directory and to His Afflicted Wife.

How "Wolfe Tone Sank Serene" in the Provost's Prison, Dublin.

[From the "Life of Wolfe Tone," by His Son William Theobald Wolfe Tone, Washington, D.C., 1826, Vol. II, pages 532 to 511 inclusive.]

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

The next day was passed in a kind of stupor. A cloud of portentous awe seemed to hang over the city of Dublin—the apparatus of military and despotic authority was everywhere displayed; no man dared to trust his next neighbor, nor one of the pale citizens to betray by look or word, his feelings or sympathy. The terror which prevailed in Paris, under the rule of the Jacobins, or in Rome, during the proscriptions of Marius, Sylla, and the Triumviri, and under the reigns of Tiberius, Nero, Caligula, and Domitian, was never deeper, or more universal, than that of Ireland, at this fatal and shameful period. It was, in short, the feeling which made the people, soon after, passively acquiesce in the Union, and in the extinction of their name as a nation. Of the numerous friends of my father, and of those who had shared in his political principles and career, some had perished on the scaffold, others rotted in dungeons, and the remainder dreaded, by the slightest mark of recognition, to be involved in his fate. One noble exception deserves to be recorded.

John Philpot Curran, the celebrated orator and patriot, had attached himself, in his political career, to the Whig party; but his theoretical principles went much farther. And when the march of the administration to despotism was pronounced—when the prosecutions began—I *know* that in the years 1794 and 1795, and particularly, at the Drogheda assizes, in the former year, and on occasion of the trial of Bird and Hamill, where they were both employed as counsel, he opened his mind to my father; and that on the main point—on the necessity of breaking the connection with England—they agreed. Curran prudently and properly confined himself to those legal exertions at the bar, where his talents were so eminently useful, and where he left an imperishable monument to his own and to his country's fame. It was well that there remained one place, and one man, through which the truth might sometimes be heard. He avoided committing himself in the councils of the United Irishmen; but, had the project of liberating Ireland succeeded, he would have been among the foremost to hail and join her independence. On this occasion, joining his efforts to those of M. Peter Burrowes, he nobly exerted himself to save his friend.

The sentence of my father was evidently illegal. Curran knew, however, very well that, by bringing the case before the proper tribunal, the result would ultimately be the same—that he could not be acquitted. But, then, the delays of the law might be brought in play, and the all important point, of gaining time, would be obtained. The French government could not, in honor, but interfere, and the case, from a mere legal, would become a political one. In politics my father had many adversaries, but few personal enemies; in private and public life, he was generally beloved and respected; his moderation, too, was known and appreciated by those who feared a revolution, and trusted to him, as a mediator, if such an event was to take place. In short, it did not appear a matter of impossibility to have fully saved him, by some agreement with the government. Determined to form a bar for his defense, and bring the case before the court of king's bench, then sitting, and presided over by Lord Kilwarden, a man of the purest and most benevolent virtue, and who always tempered justice with mercy, Curran endeavored, the whole day of the 11th, to raise a subscription for this purpose. But *terror* had closed every door; and, I have it from his own lips, that even among the Catholic leaders, many of them wealthy, no one dared to subscribe. Curran then determined to proceed alone. On this circumstance no comment can be expected from the son of Theobald Wolfe Tone. Those men had behaved nobly towards him, in former times, almost as perilous. The universal dread must be their excuse.

On the next day, Nov. 12, (the day fixed for his execution), the scene in the Court of King's Bench was awful and impressive to the highest degree. As soon as it opened, Curran advanced, leading the aged father of Tone, who produced his affidavit, that his son had been brought before a bench of officers, calling itself a court martial, and sentenced to death. "I do not pretend," said Curran, "that Mr. Tone is not guilty of the charges of which he is accused. I presume the officers were honorable men. But it is stated in this affidavit, as a solemn fact, that Mr. Tone had no commission under his majesty; and, therefore, no court martial could have cognizance of any crime imputed to him, while the Court of King's Bench sate in the capacity of the Great Criminal Court of the land. In times when war was raging, when man was opposed to man in the field, courts martial might be endured; but every law authority is with me, while I stand upon this sacred and immutable principle of the constitution, that martial law and civil law are incompatible, and that the former must cease with the existence of the latter. This is not, however, the time for arguing this momentous question. My client must appear in this court. He is cast for death this very day. He may be ordered for execution while I address you. I call on the court to support the law, and move for a habeas corpus, to be directed to the Provost Marshal of the barracks of Dublin, and Maj. Sandys, to bring up the body of Tone."

Chief Justice—"Have a writ instantly prepared."

Curran—"My client may die, while the writ is preparing."

Chief Justice—"Mr. Sheriff, proceed to the barracks, and acquaint the Provost Marshal that a writ is preparing to suspend Mr. Tone's execution, and see that he be not executed."

The court awaited, in a state of the utmost agitation and suspense, the return of the sheriff. He speedily appeared, and said, "My Lord, I have been to the barracks, in pursuance of your order, The Provost Marshal says he must obey Maj. Sandys. Maj. Sandys says he must obey Lord Cornwallis." Mr. Curran announced, at the same time, that Mr. Tone, the father, was just returned, after serving the habeas corpus, and that Gen. Craig would not obey it. The Chief Justice exclaimed, "Mr. Sheriff, take the body of Tone into custody—take the Provost Marshal and Maj. Sandys into custody, and show the order of the court to Gen. Craig."

The general impression was now, that the prisoner would be led out to execution, in defiance of the court. This apprehension was legible in the countenance of Lord Kilwarden, a man who, in the worst of times, preserved a religious respect for the laws, and who, besides, I may add, felt every personal feeling of pity and respect for the prisoner, whom he had formerly contributed to shield from the vengeance of government, on an occasion almost as perilous. His agitation, according to the expression of an eye-witness, was magnificent.

The sheriff returned at length with the fatal news. He had been refused admittance in the barracks; but was informed that Mr. Tone, who had wounded himself dangerously the night before, was not in a condition to be removed. A French emigrant surgeon, who had closed the wound, was called in, and declared there was no saying, for four days, whether it was mortal. His head was to be kept in one position, and a sentinel was set over him, to prevent his speaking. Removal would kill him at once. The Chief Justice instantly ordered a rule for suspending the execution.

I must collect my strength to give the remaining details of the close of my father's life. The secrets of a state prison, and of such a prison as were those of Dublin, at that period, are seldom penetrated; and the facts which have reached us, are few and meagre. As soon as he learned the refusal of his last request, his determination was taken, with the same resolution and coolness which he exhibited during the whole transaction. In order to spare the feelings of his parents and friends, he refused to see anyone, and requested only the use of writing materials. During Nov. 10 and 11 he addressed the Directory, the Minister of Marine, Gen. Kilmaine, and Mr. Shee, in France, and several of his friends in Ireland, to recommend his family to their care. I here insert a translation of his letter to the Directory, the only one of which we obtained a copy:

"FROM THE PROVOST'S PRISON, DUBLIN, *20th Brumaire, 7th year of the Republic, 10th November, 1798. The Adjutant General Theobald Wolfe Tone (called Smith), to the Executive Directory of the French Republic.*—CITIZEN DIRECTORS: The English government having determined not to respect my rights as a French citizen and officer, and summoned me before a court martial, I have been sentenced to death. In those circumstances, I request you to accept my thanks for the confidence with which you have honored me, and which, in a moment like this, I venture to say I well deserved. I have served the Republic faithfully, and my death, as well as that of my brother, a victim like myself, and condemned in the same manner about a month ago, will sufficiently prove it. I hope the circumstances in which I stand will warrant me, Citizen Directors, in supplicating you to consider the fate of a virtuous wife and of three infant children, who had no other support, and, in losing me, will be reduced to the extreme of misery. I venture, on such an occasion, to recall to your remembrance, that I was expelled from my own country in consequence of my attempts to serve the Republic; that, on the invitation of the French government, I came to France; that ever since I had the honor to enter the French service, I have faithfully, and with the approbation of all my chiefs, performed my duty; finally, that I have sacrificed for the Republic all that man holds dearest—my wife, my children, my liberty, my life. In these circumstances, I confidently call on your justice and humanity in favor of my family, assured that you will not abandon them. It is the greatest consolation which remains to me in dying. Health and respect.

"T. W. TONE (called Smith),
"*Adjutant General.*"

He then, with a firm hand and heart, penned the two following letters to my mother:

"PROVOST PRISON — DUBLIN BARRACKS, *Ic 20 Brumaire, an 7 (10th Nov. 1798)* DEAREST LOVE: The hour is at last come, when we must part. As no words can express what I feel for you and our children, I shall not attempt it; complaint, of any kind, would be beneath your courage and mine; be assured I will die as I have lived, and that you will have no cause to blush for me.

"I have written on your behalf to the French government, to the Minister of Marine, to Gen. Kilmaine, and to Mr. Shee; with the latter I wish you to especially advise. In Ireland, I have written to your brother Harry, and to those of my friends who are about to go into exile, and who, I am sure, will not abandon you.

"Adieu, dearest love: I find it impossible to finish this letter. Give my love to Mary: and, above all things, remember that you are now the only parent of our dearest children, and the best proof you can give of your affection for me, will be to preserve yourself for their education. God Almighty bless you all. Your's ever, "T. W. TONE.

"P. S. I think you have a friend in Wilson,* who will not desert you."

SECOND LETTER.

"DEAREST LOVE: I write just one line, to acquaint you that I have received assurances from your brother Edward, of his determination to render every assistance and protection in his power; for which I have written to thank him most sincerely. Your sister has likewise sent me assurances of the same nature, and expressed a desire to see me, which I have refused, having determined to speak to no one of my friends, not even my father, from motives of humanity to them and myself. It is a very great consolation to me, that your family are determined to support you; as to the manner of that assistance, I leave it to their affection for you, and your own excellent good sense, to settle what manner will be most respectable for all parties.

"Adieu, dearest love. Keep your courage, as I have kept mine; my mind is as tranquil this moment as at any period of my life. Cherish my memory; and, especially, preserve your health and spirits for the sake of our dearest children. Your ever affectionate

"T. WOLFE TONE.

"11th November, 1798."

It is said, that, on the evening of that very day, he could see and hear the soldiers erecting the gallows for him before his windows. That very night, according to the report given by his jailors, having secreted a penknife, he inflicted a deep wound across his neck. It was soon discovered, by the sentry, and a surgeon called in at 4 o'clock in the morning, who stopped the blood and closed it. He reported, that, as the prisoner had missed the carotid artery, he might yet survive, but was in the extremest danger. It is said, that he murmured only in reply, "I am sorry I have been so bad an anatomist." Let me draw a veil over the remainder of this scene.

Stretched on his bloody pallet in a dungeon, the first apostle of Irish union, and most illustrious martyr of Irish independence, counted each lingering hour during the last seven days and nights of his slow and silent agony. No one was allowed to approach him. Far from his adored family, and from all those friends whom he loved so dearly, the only forms which flitted before his eyes were those of the grim jailor and rough attendants of the prison; the only sounds which fell on his dying ear, the heavy tread of the sentry. He retained, however, the calmness of his soul, and the possession of his faculties, to the last. And the consciousness of dying for his country, and in the cause of justice and liberty, illumined, like a bright halo, his latest moments, and kept up his fortitude to the end. There is no situation under which those feelings will not support the soul of a patriot.

On the morning of Nov. 19, he was seized with the spasms of approaching death. It is said that the surgeon who attended, whispered that if he attempted to move or speak, he must expire instantly; that he overheard him, and, making a slight movement, replied, "I can yet find words to thank you, sir: it is the most welcome news you could give me. What should I wish to live for?" Falling back, with these expressions on his lips, he expired without further effort.

On closing this painful and dreadful narrative, I must allude to some hints which I have heard from a most respectable and well informed quarter, that, in consequence of the attempts to withdraw him from the jurisdiction of the military tribunals, my father's end may have been precipitated by the hands of his jailors, and that, to conceal their crime, they spread the report of his voluntary death. It is certainly not my duty to exculpate them. That his end was voluntary, his determination, previous to his leaving France, which was known to us, and the tenor of his last letters, incline me to believe. Neither is it likely that Maj. Sandys, and his experienced satellites, would perform a murder in so bungling a way as to allow their victim to survive the attempt during eight days. If this was the case, his death can never be considered as a suicide; it was merely the resolution of a noble mind, to disappoint, by his own act, the brutal ferocity of his enemies, and avoid the indignity of their touch.

But, on the other side, it cannot be denied, that the character of these men would warrant the worst conclusion. The details of my father's death and last words only reached the public ear through their reports: no one was allowed to approach him after his wound; no medical attendant to come near him, except the prison surgeon, a foreigner, and French emigrant. Why was no coroner's inquest held on his body, as was held on Jackson's, in the very court where he died? The resistance which was opposed by the military to the warrant of the chief justice, was indecorous and violent in the extreme; nor was it till compelled by the firmness of Lord Kilwarden to give way, that they acknowledged the wound of their prisoner, though, according to their own report, it had been inflicted during the preceding night. Was it possible, that, fearing the interference of the civil courts, they hastened his end? or, what would be more atrocious still, admitting the fact that he had wounded himself, did they intend to conceal it, and to glut their mean and ferocious revenge, and insult their dying enemy, who had thought to escape their indignities, by dragging him out, in that state, and executing him with their own hands? That their preparations continued till interrupted by the interference of superior authority; that the wound of their prisoner was anxiously concealed, as long as possible; and that no one, even afterwards, was allowed to approach and speak to him during his long agony, are certain facts.

Between those dreadful suspicions, the reader must judge for himself. As for what passed within the Provost's prison, it must remain forever among the guilty and bloody mysteries of that pandemonium. If charges of so black and bloody a nature can be adduced, with any appearance of probability, against the agents of the Irish government, the violence, cruelty and lawless proceedings, in which they were indulged with perfect impunity by their employers, not only warrant them, but give them too tremendous a probability. As for my part, I have merely stated, as I have done through the whole of this work, in the fairest and fullest manner, the facts which have reached us, without any comment or opinion of my own.

*The gentleman who, many years afterward became Mrs. Tone's second husband.

CONVENT OF VILLA MARIA.

The conflagration of the 8th June destroyed the splendid mother house of the sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame, near Montreal. These buildings, which were valued at somewhere in the neighborhood of a million dollars, were only covered by one hundred thousand dollars of insurance. Furniture, pianos, the organ of the church, and other valuable articles, have perished. The loss is so enormous that an appeal is being made to the friends and former pupils of the institute in the various American and Canadian cities, and it is hoped that by the generous assistance so obtained the sisters will be enabled to rebuild. Meanwhile the convent of Villa Maria, of Monklands, the headquarters of this famous teaching order, though adjoining the doomed buildings, was fortunately preserved intact. In September it will reopen its classes, as usual, which is, indeed, a matter for congratulation to its many friends. Villa Maria is nobly represented at the exhibition in our city by the fine exhibit it has sent of almost every variety of class-work, as well as fancy and artistic work.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

OUR IRISH BATTLEFIELDS.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

Like stars that light to azure blue
The mantle of the midnight skies,
Like diamonds glistening to the view
From the deep depths where ocean lies;
More precious than the golden grain
The harvest in its bounty yields,
Gleam right athwart long leagues of main
Our glorious Irish battlefields!

Each summer breeze, each foam-capped wave,
The birds in orchard, mead, and dell
Sing requiems for the bold and brave
Who for our freedom fighting fell:
Lie lightly on their dust, fair land!
Sweep gently by, O mountain gale,
Till shamrocks strew from strand to strand
The battlefields of Innisfail!

Here Danish rule was undermined,
The Norman gallants swept these plains,
Here the base Saxon sought to bind
Our limbs in everlasting chains;
But though his alien flag waves o'er
These verdant fields its crimson sheen,
That rag shall yet go down before
The banner of our emerald green.

Beneath tall crags that line the sea,
On mountain pass, in rude defile,
Within the valley and the lea,
From north to south throughout the isle,
These silent witnesses attest
The might and prowess of the Gael:
Though victory failed, still valor blessed
The battlefields of Innisfail.

Tread softly on each storied mound—
Sole remnants of our nationhood—
Bend low and kneel—'tis holy ground
Anointed in our martyrs' blood,
Where sleep in peace the good Old Guard,
Their war-worn swords, and broken shields—
Ah, we could kiss your sacred sward,
O glorious Irish battlefields!

INDIANAPOLIS A. O. H.

[*To the Editor.*]

It is nineteen years since the writer was in the capital city of the State of Indiana, and since then the improvements are such that I am compelled to say that it is the handsomest capital in any State in the Northwest. It has splendid streets, and the business houses are so well built it would be hard to beat them for solid appearance. There are also beautiful parks, both in the city and outside of it. I was pleased to meet with so many members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and from the attendance I saw in the divisions, there must be all of eight hundred men enrolled in Indianapolis. The county board of the order has organized what is called the Hibernian Hall Association, with a capital stock of $30,000. I was very much pleased to see how many of the members have beautiful homes. I also attended a meeting of a social organization known as the Irish-American Social Club. Among those present were Messrs. Michael Burns, Edward Nolan and M. J. O'Reilly, all very enthusiastically in favor of placing Indianapolis ahead of any city in the country in A. O. H. matters. P. F.

Indianapolis, June 27.

INDEPENDENCE DAY

At the Irish Village and Donegal Castle.

The pleasant and picturesque Irish Village which nestles at the foot of Donegal Castle in the Midway Plaisance, was on July Fourth the resort of thousands of Irishmen. The attractions were many and various; to stand on Irish soil, to sit in the Wishing Chair, to see the colossal statue of Ireland's English friend, Gladstone, to listen to Irish melodies beautifully played on the harp, mandolin and violin, to hear Irish melodies sweetly sung by Miss O'Sullivan of Cahirciveen, to talk Gaelic with the Irish colleens spinning and lacemaking. The fun went fast and furious all day long, and all the evening till near midnight; there was but one serious interlude, and that was when Mrs. Ernest Hart gave to a large and attentive audience a discourse on "The Story of the Irish Village and What it Teaches." Mrs. Hart stated that the Village was designed to point out milestones, as it were, in the long history of Ireland, to show what great things the Irish had done in the past, and their possibilities of achievement in the future. Mrs. Hart told how the Irish prized their books and the beautiful gold and silver and enamelled work of that time, and shows how it was that the tall Round Towers (one of which rises to a height of 100 feet in the Village) came to be built in Ireland. The industrial exhibits were also described, the pathetic story told of the revival of industry in Donegal, and the vital importance insisted upon of the industrial development of Ireland.

The clog and jig dancing on the Village green was a never failing source of attraction, and the sound of the piper seemed to exercise a fascination which rooted some to their seats for hours and which drove others to their feet. Ballad singing and sweet playing of Irish melodies on the harp and mandolin alternated with the dancing, and thus the evening wore on till the great-eyed electric light shone through the empty windows of the ruins like the moon, and the strange romantic beauty of the Irish Village charmed and delighted all alike.

The model of the O'Connell Memorial Chapel has, together with the hat and chair of the great Liberator arrived at the Village, and on July 22 it is intended to unveil the model of the church and the bust of Mr. O'Connell, and to have an O'Connell Day. Oratories on the Liberator will be given on the Village green. Mrs. Hart's Irish Village is described in the official documents as the "Typical Irish Village," and this it is, in that it is typical of all that is best in Ireland, and both because of what it teaches and what it aims at, it should be visited by every Irishman in America.

WOLFE TONE HONORED.

On Sunday next will be celebrated at Bodenstown the anniversary of Wolfe Tone. The Young Ireland Society have made arrangements for a special train to leave Kingsbridge at 2:30 p. m. for Sallins at a return fare of one shilling. Bodenstown is only about three-quarters of a mile from Sallins Station. It is confidently expected that a large number of Dublin Nationalists will join the Kildare men in paying homage to the memory of the greatest of the men of '98. Only very recently an attempt has been made to asperse his memory, and, therefore, it is all the more beholden on those who cherish it to seek every opportunity of doing it honor. Mr. Carew will preside on Sunday, and the address will be delivered by Mr. J. Doyle, of the Young Ireland Society.—*United Ireland, June 24.*

HYMENEAL.

HENNESSY-MALOY.

Mr. Patrick M. Hennessy, of St. Paul, Minn., formerly of Chicago, was quietly married recently at Hastings, Minn., to Miss Rose Marie Maloy, a lovely young lady of the latter city. Mr. Hennessy's final capture by Cupid and Hymen is hailed with unmixed satisfaction by his numerous friends in this city, and elsewhere, and his bride is to be congratulated on having accomplished that which baffled the best efforts of many gentle maidens in Chicago. Mr. Hennessy was, for years, a prominent citizen—in fact a favorite son—of this municipality, and we are loath to surrender him entirely to Minnesota. However, it cannot now be helped, and we wish him and his young wife all the joys that connubial happiness can bring them.

FAGAN-COFFEY.

Mr. Thomas J. Fagan, a popular officer of the Chicago Metropolitan police, and Miss Mary Coffey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Coffey, old and highly esteemed residents of this city, were united in marriage at the Holy Family (Jesuit) church, West Twelfth and May streets, last Wednesday morning. Mr. and Mrs. Fagan have THE CITIZEN'S heartiest wishes for their future welfare and happiness.

Wave Tossed.

Sea sick voyagers suffer unspeakable tortures. Then if Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is resorted to the tortures cease. Yachting parties, ocean fishermen, nervous, sickly people, whom the jarring of a railway train affects much in the same way as the tossing of the surges do one who crosses the Atlantic for the first time, should be mindful of this and be provided with an adequate supply of the Bitters. This incomparable stomachic will promptly settle a stomach outrageously disturbed, is a capital antidote to malaria and nervous complaints, remedies constipation and biliousness, and counteracts a tendency to rheumatism. Besides this, it compensates for a loss of energy consequent upon undue exertion or nervous anxiety, and averts the effects of exposure in inclement weather and the wearing of damp clothing. Both appetite and sleep are promoted by it, and general health rapidly improves through its use.

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EDWARD F. RYAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 1441-1448 UNITY BUILDING.

ESTATE OF MALACHY GROGAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Malachy Grogan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1893, being the 21st day thereof.
Dated Chicago, June 22, 1893.
JOHN GROGAN, Administrator.
Edward F. Ryan, Attorney.

ESTATE OF SARAH HAYES, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Sarah Hayes, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1893, being the 21st day thereof.
Dated Chicago, June 29, 1893.
MARGARET RYAN, Executrix.
Edward F. Ryan, Attorney.

ESTATE OF MARY MEADE, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Mary Meade, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room in the city of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1893, being the 21st day thereof.
Dated Chicago, June 29, 1893.
WILLIAM MEADE, Administrator.
Edward F. Ryan, Attorney.

JAMES McENERNY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 1108 UNITY BUILDING.

ESTATE OF JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Joseph J. Sullivan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1893, being the 21st day thereof.
Dated Chicago, June 22, 1893.
CHARLES J. SULLIVAN, Administrator.
James McEnerny, Attorney for estate.

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THE PROSE OF POETRY.

His poem had been writ
And brought him gold.
Filled full of lofty thought,
Of noble purpose and
Of brilliant wit,
Of sentiment and soul;
Of music, unattuned,
It turned the mystic key
That fits the lock of wealth.
It was a picture
Wrought in words;
A star plucked from
The sky of mind;
A white rose from
The garden of the heart.
And yet it was not these
To him—
Between its splendid lines
He found a suit of clothes,
Its periods rounded out to him
A plate of soup,
A roast of beef,
A piece of pie.
Its rhythmic flowing feet
Wore shoes for him;
Its soul
Went to his stomach,
And its sentiment
Gave him a bed on which to sleep
And dream the poet's dream;
Its measure and its melody,
Its waking and its wretchedness.
—Will J. Lampton in New York Sun.

THE GOLDEN BEAN.

Not long ago it happened that I had two hours to wait for a train at Casa Grande station on the Southern Pacific railway. Stepping into a saloon near the track, I got into conversation with a shaggy looking native, who proved to be an old prospector somewhat the worse for wear. As he seemed communicative, and I was willing to listen to a yarn or two to kill time, I had the barkeeper place a black bottle and the requisite glasses on a card table near the stove, and with my new acquaintance as a vis-a-vis I listened to the following tale, which I have endeavored to write down as nearly in his own language as possible, merely omitting the numerous epigrams with which he interrupted his discourse:

"It was last fall that me and Bill Stump got acquainted up at Prescott. We'd both of us just quit work at the mines and had pretty near $100 apiece. We fooled around the saloons most of the evenin, takin a drink now and then and buckin a little at the faro game, and finally we made it up to be pards on a prospectin trip to find some new diggin's. Next day we bought four burros, two to ride and two to pack, loaded up with grub an things, and lit out.

"Next evenin we was camped at sundown about 20 miles west in a dark little piney canyon and was gettin supper. Bill was monkeyin round the campfire with the coffee and bacon, and I was sittin with my back against a pine tree and a sack of beans 'tween my knees, pickin some of 'em over to put on for breakfast. There was pretty plenty gravel and stones in the beans, an' I was cussin considerable, when I found somethin queer among 'em. It was a gold nugget, just the shape as a bean, only about four times as big. 'Bill,' says I, 'if here ain't a $7 nugget in these beans, I'll be blankety blanked!' Bill he comes up and grabs it and gets to studyin over it. 'Joe,' says he after a bit, 'Joe, I know jest how that thar nugget got thar.' Poor Bill was always great on explainin things. 'Well, fire away,' says I. 'It's this way,' says Bill. 'I've been among the greasers considerable, and I knows their ways. Them beans was raised by greasers; that's why they're so full of gravel and dirt. You see the greasers thrash out the beans right in the field where they growed, and winner 'em by tossin 'em up in the air so the wind blows away the chaff. Then they shoyel 'em into sacks right off the ground, takin up some gravel at the same time. Now that thar nugget proves that the ground where them beans was growed is good placer ground, and all we've got to do is to find out who sold 'em first and then find where his ranch is. When we find that bean patch, we'll find good pay dirt, sure, 'cos where nuggets like this are lyin round loose there's bound to be good diggin's.'

"Well, we was a good deal excited over it and lay awake most of the night talkin it over an makin plans. Next mornin we was packed up and started back for Prescott by daylight. Bill said we must not use them beans, but keep the sack just as it was so's the party that sold it would know it again. So we sewed it up and took note of a queer mark on one side of it. It was a cross inside of a circle as big as my hand. We thought that would help us find the fellar that sacked the beans, and sure enough it did.

"We hadn't bought the beans at a store, but from a freighter that was camped with his 4-horse team and two wagons in the corral where we got our burros, so when when we got to Prescott we went straight back to the corral. There we got our first setback. The freighter—his name was Pike—had left the day before for the Verde copper mines to look for a load. It was 30 miles, and it's slow work travelin with donkeys, so we was the best part of two days gettin there, and found we was out o' luck again. Pike couldn't get any load there, so he had gone on down to Camp Verde, intendin to go over to Camp Apache, 250 miles further.

"Right there I wanted to give it up, but Bill wouldn't have it. 'Who cares for a few hundred miles, more or less,' says he, 'with all that gold piled up at the end of it. Why, next year we'll be ridin in our fine carriages in Frisco.' All the time I was with Bill I never could get the best of him in an argument, so I gave in. But if poor Bill could 'er known that a tough tramp of 1,000 miles was in front of us, with grim death waitin for him at the other end, he wouldn't 'er been so hot to go on.

"When we got down to Camp Verde, that pesky freighter was gone, of course, but we was gettin used to bein balked and didn't mind much. In pretty good spirits we started out on the long, lonely trip through the black pine forests of the Mogollon mountains. The next night we camped just under the 'rimrock,' and a mountain lion got away with our best burro. The poor donkey was hobbled and couldn't fight or protect himself, and we never knew it till next morning, when we found his body about half eaten up 200 yards from the campfire. This left us with only one saddle animal, and from that on we took turns riding. It was an awful tiresome road through those miles of timber, but we kept a-goin every day and only camped at night. Turkey was as thick as chickens in a barnyard, and now and then we jumped a bear. Deer was plenty, too, but we didn't stop to hunt. We had only one idee, and that was to catch up with that freighter if we had to follow him to Texas.

"A week later, near the head of Black river, we was jumped by Apaches and lost another burro. How was it? Well, it was like this: The sun was about two hours high when the trail went down into a deep, sandy canyon winding around between big bowlders of white granite that had rolled off the cliffs above. Some of 'em was more'n 15 feet high. I was afoot; Bill rode just ahead of me, and the two pack burros wuz peggin along in single file ahead of him. The canyon widened out by degrees into a broad, sandy wash, with mesquite trees and brush on the east side, while the trail hugged the west side close to the big bowlders. All at once—spat! spat! spat! come three bullets, flattenin themselves on the bowlders close to us. The three shots were fired at us from across the canyon, and we could see the smoke curlin up from a big bunch of brush over there. As I jumped forward to help Bill drive the donkeys under cover behind the rocks another volley came, and this time the saddle burro fell dead. Before they could fire again Bill had picked himself up, and we had our two pack animals safe behind the rocks.

"We found peep holes where we could look between the bowlders and get a good view across the canyon without being seen. It was a beautiful place, and we could have stood off 20 Injuns as easy as 3, for they could not get behind us, and our belts were full of cartridges. We knew we had the best of it, or anyway an even thing, for the bunch of brush where they were hid stood by itself, and they could not leave it without getting a shot from both of our winchesters. They would have to run about 30 feet further to the right or left to reach another bush, and behind them was a perpendicular cliff. Their cover was less than 100 yards from us, and their only chance to get away was to wait until dark; but we were also in the same fix.

"I tell you, stranger, we watched pretty close for those red devils to show themselves. We was mad about our dead donkey, and we was mad at bein stopped when we was in a hurry. Bill covered the right side of their bush with his gun, and I took the left. Our rifles was cocked and ready to speak, and just about that time no Injun had any business to get in front of them, for we was both good shots and didn't calculate to waste any cartridges. For near half an hour we watched, and then we saw somethin move on the sand at the right edge of the bush. It was the top of an Injun's head. He was lyin flat on the ground, behind cover, and shovin out his head to get a better view of our position. The next minute a head was shoved out the same way on the other side of the bush. 'Ready!' says Bill. 'Now!' and our rifles rang out together.

"The heads staid there, but we knew a rifle ball had crashed through each of them. The moment we shot the third red darted out on the north side and made a rush for a new cover only 10 yards away. He almos' reached it—one more spring and he was safe—but Bill caught him on the fly. Crack! went his rifle, and Mr. Injun fell in a heap, never makin a kick.

"We waited awhile before we moved, to make sure they wasn't playin possum, but it was getting dark fast, so we slipped up careful from bush to bush. We had to make sure work of the killin, cos it wouldn't do to have one of 'em get away and bring the whole tribe down on us. Well, they was dead enough to suit anybody, the last one killed being hardly more than a boy. He was the son of a chief, as we knew by his wearin white eagle feathers in his hair. He had an improved army rifle, and so did the other two.

"Weren't it a pity, stranger, that three of Uncle Sam's pets, out for a little fun, should 'a' got done up that way? They didn't have nothin we wanted, so we left 'em to the buzzards an coyotes and started down the canyon drivin our burros ahead. We traveled all night, for fear some prowlin Injun should find the dead bodies in the mornin and take our trail.

"A week later we got to Fort Apache, fagged out some and pretty near barefoot. We didn't say nothin about the killin, for fear of being arrested, but we rested up some on soldier whisky at the sutler's store and bought new shoes. We wasn't disappointed this time about our freighter. He was still on the move, just as we expected. He'd left for Wilcox, on the railroad, three days before. Well, we had come 300 miles, and there was nothin else to do but to keep a-goin. It was only 150 miles further, and walkin was cheap.

"We tramped into Wilcox 10 days later, and there we found our man at last. We'd got so used to follerin him that I'll be blanked if we didn't feel sort a half disappointed when we had run him down. One of his wagons had broke, and he had to lay over to get it mended. Only for that the darned old road runner might 'a' been pikin along yet and we a-follering him, just two days behind him. He remembered sellin us the beans. He said he had bought the sack at a little store kept by a Mexican in Theson just before he started for Prescott. We told him about findin the gold nugget and wanted him to join us huntin up the diggin's, as his teams might be useful startin up a new camp. He didn't care to go and said he didn't cotton much to gold diggin anyhow. I reckon he was too fond of travel to stay long in one place.

"Well, all we had to do was to light out for Tucson, another 130 miles, and we started along, feelin considerable cheered up. The donkeys was gettin poor, but we thought we were near the end of the trip, so we didn't worry. It took nearly two weeks to get to Tucson, but when we went to the little Mexican store the old man in charge remembered the bean sack very well and said he had sold it to Pike the freighter. He bought it and others from an old Mexican peddler who came over from Sonora and had gone to Phœnix. There was no help for it; we had to go there, too, fagged out as we were, and there we found our Mexican peddler, who told us he had bought the beans—several sacks of them—at a little roadside ranch down in Sonora, about 100 miles south of Tucson.

"Stranger, when we started back to Tucson the next mornin we wouldn't have sold our interest in that blasted bean ranch for $50,000 apiece. Yet, after all, poor Bill left his body there, and I got all broke up. Here's the way it happened: About three weeks afterward we was draggin along slow and tired one afternoon when we come to the shanty where the peddler told us he got the beans. We knew it right off by the description. There was the little runnin stream, and on the other bank there was the very bean patch and the house at one end of it. We unpacked by the water, and Bill was for takin the gold pan and tryin for color right off, but I got him to wait till mornin, as we had to get supper before dark.

"I started gettin some sticks to build a fire, and Bill went to the packs for the coffeepot and fry pan, and just then three greasers on horseback rode by us and up to the door of the house, where they got off their horses. After a little palaver with an old hag that came to the door one of them came over to us and said 'Buenos noches' very polite. A greaser would be polite if he was goin to cut your throat the next minute. As he passed our baggage he kind a-started and looked at it pretty sharp, and I saw he was takin note of the bean sack. It was standin there with the queer mark in plain view. By and by he pointed to the sack and asked where we got it and what was in it. I told him it was a sack of beans, and we bought it over the line in Arizona. Pretty soon he asked us to come up to the house and spend the evenin. We said we would after supper, and then he went off.

"Half an hour later, as we was squattin by the fire drinkin our coffee, all three of 'em come down and stood around. Swarthy faced, with mean lookin mustaches and murderous eyes, they looked equal to any deviltry, and I was just thinkin what a precious lookin set of rascals they was when I quit thinkin altogether. I had to, 'cos I was stretched out on the ground unconscious. What I saw happened quicker'n I can tell it. The two nearr ones whipped out their 6-shooters and had us covered, and the other one grabbed the bean sack. Bill, always quicker than me, jumped up, a-reachin behind him for his gun, but before he pulled it there was a report, and he fell forward on his face with a gurglin yell—a pistol ball in his throat. I made a jump to get up, but I felt a crushin blow on my head, and that's all I remember.

"When I come to myself, I was lyin on some blankets on the dirt floor of a doby shanty, with an old Mexican hag bendin over me. I beg her pardon for callin her a hag, for she saved my life, but when I woke up I thought sure she was satan. She told me I had been crazy a week, and I reckon I must a had brain fever. I told the old woman all my story and all about the beans, but she wouldn't talk about the murder of my friend till three weeks after, when I got strong and well, and told her I was going back to Arizona. She up and told me next mornin, and, stranger, you'll agree that me and Bill was two of the unluckiest cusses livin. That very sack of beans we had been packin all over Arizona had nearly $5,000 worth of gold in it in dust and nuggets!

"The three greasers who attacked us were her nephews and were just what they looked to be—brigands—though she did not say so. They had murdered a couple of miners up in the mountains and robbed their camp of about 20 pounds of gold dust. Not wantin to use it till the affair blew over, they hid the dust in one of the sacks of beans. There were a dozen or more stacked up in the old woman's shed, and she had raised them herself, with her grandson, a 15-year-old kid, to help her. They marked the sack, but did not tell her about the gold in it, and while they were off on some more deviltry the old woman up and sells some of her sacks of beans to a peddler that happened to come by. When the robbers came back again, they missed the marked sack, but it was too late to get it, and they pretty near beat the old woman to death.

"They'd forgot all about it by the time we came by, but they knew their mark on the sack and saw it had not been open, and the only wonder is that they didn't shoot us both down without askin any questions.

"My donkeys were feedin around the ranch yet, and I had my blankets. That was all they left me. I gave the old woman one donkey and saddled up the other and lit out for Tucson. But first I made a little wooden cross and cut Bill's name on it, and put it on his grave where the old woman had made the robbers bury him close to the bean plot he had hunted so long."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Hissing at Concerts.

Americans are the most tolerant of all people toward bad actors and singers, and they never hiss a performance. If they don't like it, they leave it, but hissing is occasionally heard now at concerts and miscellaneous entertainments. It is not directed against the singers, but against the "encore fiend," who, with frantic uproar, tries to force every one of them to do his or her work two or three times over for his special benefit. As a rule the poorer the show the more emotional and persistent are the people who want everything repeated. In orchestral concerts it has become the rule to grant no encores, and the majority, which does not desire or is willing to forego them, reaches home at a reasonable hour.—New York Sun.

GENIUS AND WEALTH.

BRIGHT MEN SOMETIMES MANAGE TO SAVE THEIR EARNINGS.

Members of the Literary Profession Are an Exception In the Great Field of Brain Workers, For Few Great Writers Have Ever Amassed Fortunes.

The accumulation of an estate of nearly $700,000 by the late Edwin Booth is suggestive of the large profits made by an actor of great eminence. It is also an indication that the popular impression that dramatic genius, and artistic genius generally, is incompatible with the keeping of money is not justified by the facts.

Mr. Booth's fortune must have been gathered almost wholly during the last 20 years of his life, or since the failure of the theater which he established for himself in 1869 at the corner of Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue. The circumstance that it consists of personal estate only, with the exception of a place at Newport, suggests also that it grew altogether out of his professional gains during that short period, and it indicates how great those were and how prudent he was in their management.

In this prudence, however, he was not extraordinary among actors. Edwin Forrest, with whom he competed for the popular favor at the beginning of his successful career, left a large fortune also when he died in 1872. Charlotte Cushman, whose dramatic career was simultaneous, and who died in 1876, left a very handsome estate. Mr. Henry Irving, the distinguished English actor, is a man of fortune, and many of the men and women of the stage are now the possessors of wealth or of a competence which renders them pecuniarily independent. The great mass may spend as they go along, taking no thought for the morrow or having no faculty for accumulation even when they have incomes large enough to afford an opportunity for its exercise, but it is the same with the run of other people, of men of affairs and professional men.

The genius for making money and the genius for keeping it are apart and distinct. If they always went together, the decrease in the poverty of the world would be enormous, but proportionately they seem to be united in men of artistic genius as often as in those without that great gift of heaven, if not oftener. Nearly all the artists of high distinction at this time, in music, painting, sculpture, architecture and the drama, have accumulated fortunes, which in many cases are large. They are receiving incomes which justify extravagance, but they are not wasting money more than other successful men, they are not more likely to acquire habits of dissipation, and apparently there is not less practical sagacity among them.

An art which may not be so conducive to great material prosperity is the literary art. Very few writers, no matter how great their distinction, have ever got rich out of writing, and at the present day the number who have done so is so small that we could include them all in a short list. Fortunes like that of Edwin Booth and those of the illustrious painters, sculptors, musicians and architects of this time are almost unknown among the men of literature. The incomes of the great body of writers best known to the people are meager as compared with those of the others. They are much less than the incomes of lawyers and physicians of parallel professional eminence.

As things are, if a man wants to get rich, literature alone offers him a poor show for the gratification of his ambition. He may get along very comfortably, but the chances are against his accumulating a fortune like Mr. Booth's out of his professional gains, no matter how clever his art, how saving he may be and how extraordinary his business sagacity. That is why Mr. Walter Besant and his colleagues are finding so much fault with the publishers. They think that the publishers are getting rich at their expense; that the author furnishes the fuel, and that the publisher warms himself by the fire while the author stays out in the cold. But what other remedy is there than that the author should be both the writer of the book and its manufacturer for the market?

He must unite both profits in himself or take for his manuscript what the competition of trade will give him. If he have not a combination of qualities and aptitudes, enabling him to be both a man of business and a writer, he must pay for his defects. The picture is done when it is painted. The book requires the expenditure of labor, capital and enterprise upon it after it has been written by the author, and without that expenditure it is worthless.

Hence, when fortune comes to literary men, outside of 10 or 15 in a generation, it comes to editors who get both he writing and a manufacturing profit, at these, too, are few. The capacity to make a successful newspaper is rare, and like all rare gifts it is sometimes richly rewarded.—New York Sun.

A Good Memory.

Mrs. Robinson, who keeps a cigar stand in the business part of Chicago, has a memory that would do credit to the best detective in the country. A year ago a fellow bought a few cigars from her and tendered a $20 bill in payment. She made the change, when he cleverly palmed a $10 bill and claimed that she had given him that much too little. She gave him the $10, but when she made up her cash she found that she was just that $10 short. A few days ago the same man came to her stand, and calling for a cigar laid down a $10 bill. She knew him at a glance, and promptly sweeping the bill into her cash drawer told him that they were even. He demanded an explanation, and she reminded him of the transaction of a year ago. He protested that it was a case of mistaken identity and threatened to call the police, but she was firm, and he went away and did not come back.—Charleston News and Courier.

Sympathetic Inks.

Rabelais compiled a curious list of inks of a sympathetic nature, which were largely in vogue in his days. In his book entitled "Pantagruel," he makes his readers acquainted with Panurgue's exploits in trying to decipher the invisible characters of a letter which a Parisian female had written to Pantagruel. "He held it up before the fire," says Rabelais, "to see if it was written with spirits of ammonia mixed with water. Then he placed it in water to discover if the writing had not been done with sirup of tithymal. When this would not work, he held it over a candle, which would have brought out the characters had they been written with the juice of white onions. By rubbing a part of it with nut oil he tried to find whether it had not been written with the sap of a fig tree. And if frog's blood had been used in the place of ink the milk from the breast of a woman suckling her firstborn daughter would have betrayed the secrets of that letter."

While at Rabelais' time during the seventeenth century French people adhered strongly to the belief that sympathetic inks of this character could be and were used, they are now in high feather over the discovery of a luminous ink by one of their countrymen. This ink makes it possible for letters to be read in the dark. One of the French journals recently gave the recipe for this ink. A phosphorescent compound can be obtained by calcinating carbonate of chalk with sulphur.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Old Timers on the Ohio River.

The Ohio river steamboat captain of 35 years ago has never been equaled in point of assumed dignity by anything except the modern postoffice clerk and the officers of the "mosquito fleet" during the war. When he came on board and the mate took his place at the bell with the roustabouts ready to haul in the gangplank, one could imagine that about all that was admirable in the universe was about to move out. And it was a quaint picture, with merry and homelike features.

The old timer along the banks of the Ohio loves to talk of the good old days only to bewail the degeneracy of the times. He never tires of telling of the exploits of the Boston, Bostona, Wild Wagoner, Lady Franklin, Alice Pike and a score of other familiar names. What if the old timers were profane? The natives along the shores expected it. When the steamer of 30 years ago rounded to for the purpose of taking on wood, the poor devil who sawed the wood just as firmly expected a cursing as he did a salutation. The wood was too blank long, too blank short and too blank green. Everything was wrong. In fact, the stamp of brutality pervaded every transaction and all intercourse. But it was not a spirit of mutality. It was their way—the way of the tribes. It was as natural for an Ohio river steamboat officer to swear as it was for him to hit a deckhand with a board or as it is for a dude to look silly.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wendell Phillips as a Lecturer.

Wendell Phillips as a lecturer, and apart from his extraordinary power as a convention orator on occasions, was quite the most interesting, the most convincing, the most polished and delightful platform speaker that America has produced. He owed his success to his wit, to the most felicitous and incisive vocabulary, to the most melodious and entrancing voice and to his perfect command of himself and all his resources. He was never slovenly. He always brought his best thought most carefully arranged to his audience, and he never met an audience, even one hostile to him and his opinions, that he could not at length subdue to his potent influence. Nothing was left to chance.

He would no more have produced an unfinished lecture than a great artist would have exhibited an unfinished picture. He respected his audience, and the audience always felt this. The sympathy that he gained from it, even when it disagreed with him, was the more remarkable because he never, or rarely ever, improvised. Yet he had such consummate art that he seemed to be improvising, the golden words apparently dropping freshly coined from the brilliant mint of his mind. He was eloquent without a single burst of cheap rhetoric. And of all orators on the platform he was the most convincing and plausible for the hour.—Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's.

Orchids In Guiana.

In paddling up the smaller rivers of Guiana the visitor is struck with the beauty and variety of the orchids and other epiphytes perched on every limb and branch above his head. Coming from a temperate climate, where only mosses, lichens and perhaps a fern or two can live under such circumstances, he sees great arums with rosettes of leaves six or eight feet in diameter, crowded groups of hard leaved tillandsias, mistletoelike bunches of rhipsalis, orchids, ferns and mosses, all struggling for places where they can find room to enjoy life and propagate their species.

In the dense gloom of the forest, where the branches interlace with each other, they cannot secure enough light, but wherever the continuity is broken by river or savannah the trees on the borders are decorated with a wealth of these interesting plants. From the river nothing but a sloping bank of foliage is visible, but by paddling through the outer screen which comes down into the water, a very pretty scene is revealed overhead. Although the direct rays of the sun are shut out, there is generally sufficient light for the epiphytes, and here they give quite a festive appearance to what would otherwise be a tangle of bare limbs and branches.—Longman's Magazine.

Well Parried.

"I should think you would feel very cheap," said the spendthrift's father at the close of an hour's lecture.

"I would, father," returned the lad, "if you hadn't given me to understand that I was so very costly."—Harper's Bazar.

HUNTING ASTEROIDS.

Astronomical Sport That Is Being Robbed of Part of Its Pleasure.

There was a time when the hunting of asteroids was the athletic sport with which the tired astronomer refreshed his mind and muscles. Wearied with prolonged calculations as to the weight of a ton of coals on the surface of Jupiter or the density of beer on the surface of the sixth moon of Uranus and with his right arm and fingers cramped and numbed from the excessive use of chalk and blackboard, the astronomer would take his telescope and in the bright, crisp winter night stalk the timid asteroid through the starry jungles of the skies.

It was not often that he made a successful bag. Sometimes he would hunt night after night for weeks before capturing a single asteroid, but he was always buoyed up by the hope of game, and when he did bring down an asteroid with his breechloading reflector, his small but handy refractor, and was enabled to make a present of its elements to a favorite fellow astronomer he was indeed a proud and happy man.

But this fine old astronomical sport is at an end. The asteroid trapper with his photographic trap is abroad, and there is every reason to believe that in the course of a very few years at the furthest every existing asteroid will have been captured.

The method of the trapper is as simple as it is unsportsmanlike. He sets his camera at nightfall and goes home to his family until the following morning. A clockwork attachment gives a motion to the camera identical with the apparent motion of the fixed stars, so that the images of the latter never vary their places on the sensitive plate.

When, however, the trapper finds a faint but prolonged line of light extending over the plate, he knows that it is the trail of an asteroid, and he at once proceeds to complete its capture by giving it a name and calculating its elements.

The unsuspecting asteroids who had long ago grown shy of the telescope have not yet discovered the existence of the camera traps, and they are captured in alarming numbers. It is quite usual for a trapper to report the capture of four or five asteroids in a single night.

It is true that he rarely makes any distinction between the traces made by an asteroid and the marks on the plate due to imperfections in the emulsion or to scratches made during development. In his greed he treats all marks as asteroids that come to his trap, and there can be no doubt that a certain proportion of the asteroids recently named and given a place in the solar system have no existence outside of the photographic plate, where the trapper fancied that he had detected their trail.

Still it is evident that the traps are nightly capturing an enormous number of asteroids, and unless something is done for their preservation this variety of celestial game will sooner or later become as extinct as the American buffalo.

To the average man it may seem to be a matter of very little consequence how asteroids are captured, but to those who are familiar with astronomers and who have their welfare and that of their wives and families at heart the prospect that legitimate asteroid hunting is about to become impossible is alarming.

If the tired astronomer can no longer keep up his health and spirits by beating the milky way for asteroids his health must inevitably suffer. Physicians are agreed that astronomy, if habitually indulged in, is peculiarly exhausting to the nerves. Indeed the confirmed and excessive astronomer is invariably irritable and quarrelsome, even in spite of the tonic influence of asteroid hunting.

If that resource should no longer be open to him, his condition will be simply pitiable, and such a thing as an astronomic home will be utterly unknown. The astronomer's only recreation will be found in contradicting the theories and denying the discoveries of other astronomers, and the meeting of an astronomical society would be a scene of wild uproar mingled with flying slates and lumps of chalk.—Washington Star.

The Age of the Earth.

The earth's age, like that of the proverbial spinster, must, I suppose, be deemed uncertain, or at least (as in the case of the census paper) we must allow a fair margin for probabilities. The geologists on the one hand are supposed to make very big drafts indeed on the bank over which Father Time presides; while the physicists on the other hand insist on more moderate demands being formulated. The latest explorer in this field of inquiry is Mr. Clarence King, a well known American geologist, who seems to lean to the side of the physicists in this matter. Of course everybody starts with the earth as a gaseous mass and everybody gets to the earth as a cooling globe, which is certain in time to become a burnt out cinder like the moon.

From researches on the effects of heat and pressure as applied to a cooling orb, Mr. King concludes that Lord Kelvin's estimate of the earth's age is very near the mark. According to Mr. King the age of our world is to be set down as not exceeding some 24,000,000 years, which, I venture to say, is so entirely unthinkable a number that nobody may feel intellectually perturbed if a few millions more be added or a few millions be subtracted from the amount.—Dr. Andrew Wilson in London Illustrated News.

The Beauty of a Persian Cat.

Perhaps the most peculiar fancy of travelers abroad is that of carrying from Persia the great blooded cats that are so hard to domesticate. However, as an up town housekeeper exclaims, "Of course one is a little afraid of them, but they do look stylish in a handsome library!"—New York Times.

Always Somebody to Complain.

There is always one discontented soul to lament over improvements, like the Scotchwoman who complained of the fresh water that had been introduced into the city. "Ah, but it's no like the auld; it neither smells nor tastes!"—Exchange.

DEATH FROM STARVATION.

The Most Horrible of All Forms of Ending Life Is by the Lack of Food.

The most horrible death of all is that of starving. The most vigor is lent to it by being imprisoned in a cave or mine. Some years ago I was working in a coal mine near Padua, O. The distance from the mouth down to the first vein, where I was working, was 63 feet. It was an 8-foot vein and had been well worked, so that many large chambers were made, and plenty of space was had to move about in.

A miner's life is rather wearisome and lonely indeed. You have to labor all day long in the gloom, with only a little wick lamp on your cap to break the intense darkness. The life is much too hard for the recompense. Then, one's life is always in danger. Great rocks are liable to and do frequently fall. Explosive gases and firedamp are generated, and the first approach of a light sets them off. The mine is then wrecked, and the miners—well, I was once caught in a mine wreck, and in that great vein at Padua. I was working very quietly, away back from the shaft of the mine, and all alone.

My labors were interrupted by a dull, smothered roar that was followed by falling earth, and then I realized that I was penned in; that the mine was wrecked, and that my life was worth very little. The noise soon died away, and things were much as they were before. But a little distance from my position the earth had fallen and blocked the path. I was at first overcome with fear. I imagined that I could hear my brains grinding in a tunnel. Then I lost all consciousness. When I awoke again, I was somewhat more calm and began to move about. I crawled along over great banks of earth that had fallen for a distance of fully 100 feet; then I heard groans, and I knew that I was near some injured miner. But here my progress stopped, and I had to quit.

A few hours later my light burned out, and then my misery was complete. For eight days I remained quite near that one spot, hoping against hope for deliverence. It came eventually. I heard the sound of picks, and soon the glimmer of miners' lamps shone through various crevices. When an opening was made, I crawled out, and I assure you that I gave thanks. Yes, that's why people say I look old now, when I am only 35, and that is why my hair is gray. But I assure you that an aged expression and gray hair are endurable, but to starve to death in a mine is the awfulest and deadliest way to beat out a man's existence in this world that I can conceive of.—Interview in Chicago Journal.

An Egg Snake Among a Lot of Viperines.

Among a number of viperine snakes of about the same size is a snake that lives on eggs. He is about as thick as a lead pencil, but that doesn't prevent his swallowing a large pigeon's egg whole, nor even a hen's egg at a pinch. It dislocates his jaw, but that is a part of his professional system, and when the business is over he calmly joints up his jaw again and goes to sleep. He is eccentric even for a snake and wears his teeth on a backbone, where they may break the eggshell so that he may spit it away.

When he first stretched his head round an egg, the viperine snakes in the same case hastily assumed him to be a very large tadpole, and since tadpoles are regarded with gastronomical affection by viperine snakes they began an instant chase, each prepared to swallow the entire phenomenon, because a snake never hesitates to swallow anything merely on account of its size. When finally the egg swallower broke the egg and presented to their gaze the crumpled shell, the perplexed viperines subsided and retired to remote corners of the case to think the matter over and forget it—like the crowd dispersed by the circulating hat of the street conjurer.—Arthur Morrison in Strand Magazine.

Testing Iron Castings.

"Have you ever noticed," said a St. Louisan yesterday, "those massive iron pillars now standing erect in the basement of the new Planter's House? Well, did you ever stop to think of the immense weight they will be compelled to support steadily for many, many years? Oh, you have. But I suppose you have thought the manufacturer just made those pillars and sold them without knowing anything about how much weight they would bear or how long they would bear it. Let me tell you about that.

"Those pillars are cast in the same manner as cast iron stoves—by running the liquid metal into sand molds, but alonside of each pillar is cast an iron bar from the same metal. The bar is precisely an inch square and 5½ feet in length. When cold, it is subjected to a very simple test. Each end of the bar is placed upon a table and weights are suspended from the center by a rope. It must bear a tensile strength of 500 pounds to the square inch. The test may begin with 400 pounds and be gradually increased until the bar is found to be perfectly supporting the required weight. If it breaks, for instance, at 480 or 490 pounds, then the pillar cast from the pot of metal which cast the bar is discarded, broken up and put into the pot again, with more pig iron added. The pillars, you know, are largely made from scrap iron, and the manufacturers cannot know the strength of the cast until it is tested. The addition of pig iron in the event of failure brings the cast up to the standard."—St. Louis Republic.

In British Honduras.

British Honduras is a crown colony, and of its 30,000 population there are about 300 whites, mainly English. There is an American colony of about 20 people at Toledo engaged in sugar growing and rum making. They are mainly from Kentucky, and it is a prosperous colony. The country is healthful for a tropical country, and there has not been a case of yellow fever in several years. The principal product is mahogany, and it will be years before the forests are exhausted. Great quantities of logwood are also shipped to Europe. We ship only bananas and plantains to the United States, shipping last year 728,000 bunches of bananas to New Orleans. The great problem with us is labor, and we import natives from the West Indies.

We need immigration, and Sir Alfred Maloney, the governor, is a very progressive man and is doing much to bring us to the notice of the world. We have no railroads beyond a tramway drawn by mules, penetrating the plantations for about six miles. There is not a telegraph instrument or line in the province and only a short telephone line between government buildings. We have no money of our own, but use the silver of surrounding republics, which is so depreciated that $5 in American money is equal to $8.60 of the money in use.—Interview in Washington Star.

He Was a Nobleman by Nature.

Don't tell me now that men are callous and selfish when the woman is an old one, for I won't believe it.

We were hurrying to catch the elevated train when a poor old Irish woman stopped, and directly in the way of all other would be passengers endeavored to readjust a strap that had slipped from the package she was carrying.

Her hands were cold, and she seemed unable to loosen the buckle, when a good looking man came up and seeing her difficulty laid his own packages down on the platform while he asked:

"Can't you manage it? Here, let me do it for you."

Of course "time and tide" and elevated trains wait for no man, and we rolled away from the station just as he had completed his self imposed task.

We saw him pick up his bundles and walk toward the waiting room to get warm—for the wind was cold—never seeming to regret the train he had missed for doing a kindness for "some one's mother!"

I found myself hoping that his wife, if he had one, would not scold him for coming home late.

Oh, the world is full of charity if we only stop and look for it!—New York Herald.

For Weary Feet.

"My old colored cook," said a woman recently, "keeps a pad of her own manufacture always before the kitchen sink. It is made of several pieces of old carpet tacked together with strong thread, the whole being made over and renewed quite frequently. When I asked her the other day why she kept the rather unsightly rug on her neat linoleum covered floor, she explained that it was a great rest to her feet to stand off the unyielding floor.

"And when my attention was thus called to it I could see that it must be, and the idea was worth handing around.

"I have heard saleswomen and men, too, complain to one another in the shops of the pain which they suffered from constantly standing on the wooden floors, and I presume this condition would be much relieved if a strip of rope matting could be stretched for their use."—New York Times.

Blighted Hope.

Teddy Vanderchump, a young society man, has been paying his addresses to Miss Rose Bondclipper of Madison avenue. His visits have been very frequent of late, and last night Tommy, Miss Rose's younger brother, said:

"You ought to come and see us every evening, Mr. Vanderchump."

"Why, Tommy?"

"Because it makes Sister Rose so happy to have you go away you ought not to miss an evening."

They missed Teddy for the rest of that evening.—Texas Siftings.

East Indian Families.

Millions of men in India live, marry and rear apparently healthy children upon an income which, even when the wife works, is rarely above fifty cents a week and frequently sinks to half that amount. —Exchange.

Old Gold Is Scarce.

All sorts of curious things are sold for the precious metal they contain — old watches that are broken beyond repair, old seal rings and rings that were once set with gleaming gems. A broken locket once contained a miniature and probably holds the secret of a romance. A brooch is made of the light colored gold of over 100 years ago and still holds a lock of somebody's dark hair. It was bought hair and all and will go into the melting pot with its story untold.

Some of the gold comes already melted into lumps, some of it is the gold filling of teeth and dentists' scraps, and some of it is in the form of old plates, with artificial teeth still sticking to them.

Hood & Reynolds, the assayers on Tremont street, say that old gold is very scarce, and they have hard work to collect the amount needed in their business. The old jewelry and scraps are melted down and refined, then rolled out into gold foil. The gold foil is bought by dentists and put into the teeth of their customers, and in most cases goes back into the ground with the owner of the teeth when he dies. Some day, when Boston is a howling wilderness, an enterprising miner will wash out the earth of the cemeteries and reap a rich harvest.

But that is a matter of speculation. It is a matter of fact that one firm of refiners here in Boston uses up $2,500 worth of old gold every week and lately has been compelled to buy coin to eke out the supply needed for mechanical purposes.—Boston Herald.

An Art Criticism.

"The audacity of ignorance is a never failing wonder and amusement," says a painter. "I stood one day before the Sistine madonna wrapped in reverential awe. Others turned away, tears rolling down their cheeks, their hands clasped in ecstasy. Suddenly a shrill, woman's voice broke the stillness. She was sitting before the painting, gazing at it reflectively. 'It is really a very pretty picture,' she said. 'The bend of the virgin's arm is good.'"—Philadelphia Press.

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St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schacter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 339 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4729 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 409 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

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St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 39 W 13th st; R S, Julius Esler, 634 W 18th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 372 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Beneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

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St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 573 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 S Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kienke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 1:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Buhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 3512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 3723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 3500 Went Worth av.

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Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.25. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven

PARLIAMENTARY HUMORS.

Historical Incidents That Relieved the Tedium of Political Debate.

The house of commons now scruples to adjourn on account of Derby day, but in early times it indulged in a holiday upon occasions which modern readers must consider still more strangely inadequate. Horace Walpole mentions in his memoirs that in March, 1751, the house adjourned to attend at Drury Lane theater, where Othello was to be acted by a Mr. Delaval and his family.

Again in February, 1781, a bill introduced by Mr. Burke with reference to the civil list was read for the first time, but the second reading was deferred to that day fortnight, "because the 21st was to be a feast day and the 22d was the benefit of Mme. Vestris, the favorite French dancer at the opera."

Even when in session the house was much given to amuse itself with petty or frivolous incidents, as is shown by some singular entries preserved in the official records. Under date May, 1604, it is noted that a jackdaw flew in at the window. This was considered ominous, and apparently it proved a bad omen for the bill in debate, as the measure was soon afterward rejected. Again we are told by the veracious state chronicler that in May, 1614, "a dog came into the house, a strange spaniel, mouse colored."

About 170 years later it is recorded that another canine intruder entered the house, taking his seat before the speaker and all the government. Not content to remain a silent spectator, the dog joined in the proceedings by barking loudly. Lord North, then prime minister, was speaking and jocularly appealed to the speaker, saying, "Sir, I am interrupted by a new member."

The dog unabashed did not take the hint, but resumed his barking, whereupon the good humored premier kept up the joke, protesting that "the new member had no right to speak twice in the same debate." In much more recent times almost equally trifling episodes have been known to relieve mightily the tedium of political contention.—Chambers' Journal.

Human Flesh Does Not Petrify.

Petrification is simply the substitution of inorganic for organic matter, atom by atom. This process of transformation is unthinkably slow. As a molecule of wood or bone decays a molecule of stone takes its place. This can only occur when the air, earth or water surrounding the organic substance in question holds in solution some mineral which is readily precipitated. In the case of either wood or bone, while decomposition is going on, there yet remains a framework or fiber, the interstices of which may gradually be filled by the mineral substance—with flesh, be it human or animal, no such framework exists. The very rapid decay of flesh also makes it impossible for the very slow process of petrifaction to have any effect in the way of making a transformation.

The stories of petrified bodies being found in graveyards are usually "faked up" by some imaginative reporter who wishes to lengthen his "string." It is true, however, that the bodies of human beings have been frequently found incrusted with a silicious substance so as to resemble real petrifactions in every particular.—St. Louis Republic.

Craniological Investigations.

Only a short time ago the opinion was expressed by Virchow that all alleged modes of distinguishing the skulls of the sexes are worthless. According, however, to the later researches of Dr. Thiem-Cottbus, a craniological criterion of sex is by no means impossible. The ostympanicum, he says, forms part of the posterior wall of the glenoid cavity of the inferior maxillary and also closes in front of and below the bony meatus of the ear.

It arises perpendicularly from the petrous portion of the temporal bone posteriorily and turns backward in woman at about half the height of the mastoid process, but in man at a less height. In the male the bone develops a sharp edge, which divides to form the sheath of the styloid process, but in woman this sharpened edge does not exist, the bone is rounded into a tubercular form, and the fossa is shallower and flatter.

Thus, in the male this "fossa-tympanico-stylo-mastoides" is small, and the posterior wall of the glenoid cavity extends so deep that it is not possible for the condyloid process to slip over it. In the female it is so much more spacious that this feature alone will serve to distinguish the crania of one sex from the other.

Louis L. Trobridge surrendered himself to the police at St. Louis, Mo., stating that he was wanted in San Francisco for forgery, for which another man, W. Harmon, had been convicted.

Burglars robbed the drug store of McClintick & Co., at Staunton, New Brazil, Ind., and took considerable money and the best of everything in stock.

A. A. Peterson, a brakeman on the Chicago and Alton road, was instantly killed at Larose, Ill. The train was going under a bridge, which it is presumed he did not see.

* * *

Hermann, the magician, in proceedings at New York for the collection of a debt, said that he had no money and that he worked for his wife at a salary of $50 a week.

A man supposed to be Thomas Bell, a Des Moines painter, was killed by a Rock Island train near Commerce, Ia.

Jacob Weisman, who sold liquor near the Soldiers' home at Leavenworth, Kan., in defiance of an injunction, has been fined $100 and sentenced to thirty days in jail.

Twenty four boys employed by the Sanford Spinning company struck because of a reduction of wages from $7.20 to $6.80 per week, and because they were not given tickets for the circus.

Ex-Judge F. B. Tiffiany and C. J. Alton, president and cashier of the failed state bank of Ainsworth, Neb., have been arrested. The former is charged with receiving deposits when the bank was insolvent and the latter with falsifying the record.

Orville Taulk and his horse were killed by lightning at Bement, Ills.

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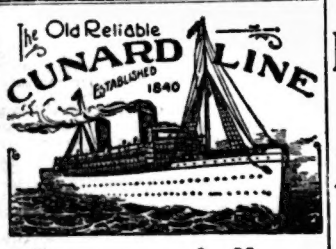

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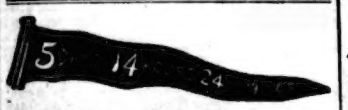

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